The Churchman.

SATURDAY, JAN. 4, 1879.

THE offer of a prize of $500 for the best plan of a tenement-house is in every way to be commended. It is an act of benevolence whether to give the money or strive for it. Perhaps there is not room for a dwelling in the city to enable an architect to do the subject justice, but there is room enough in the suburbs, and the improved means of reaching them should give all competitors ample scope. This matter of providing proper habitations for the poor lies at the foundation of Christian philanthropy. Till that is done, philanthropy and religion, in a large degree, fail.

"THE way they do," remarked a bishop of the Church, "is to hire a young man, and then rent the rectory to help pay his salary." A church ought to be in very straitened circumstances to do a thing like that. It is sufficiently distressing to see a rectory unoccupied, or occupied while the church is without a rector; but it is pitiful to see it rented for mercenary purposes, while the rector is turned adrift. The rectory then becomes a misnomer. It is not a rectory, but a tenantry. It is a money-making concern, like a shop or a manufactory. The man who will pay the highest rent may enjoy it, while the rector may look at it in vain contemplation. He may, indeed, have some sort of a roof over his head, but properly speaking he has been kept out of house and home. That indispensable adjunct of a church, which every parish should aim to provide, and which adds so much to the comfort of a clergyman, is, so to speak, prostituted to secular uses. The parish has done an excellent thing, and then grievously undoes it. It indeed gains a little money by the operation, but in every way the ties between minister and people are weakened, while the people, who give their minister no permanent home, will be so much the more certain to have no permanent minister.

THE THREE FESTIVALS AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Every one is familiar with the meaning which is ascribed to the three days which follow the feast of the nativity. We do not now allude to this except by way of introduction to a thought which grows out of this order of commemoration: it is the threefold hostility of the world which is the cause of the threefold form of martyrdom. Against those who, like St. Stephen, are valiant for the truth, it brings the charge of blasphemy: it strives to crush out by brute force the preaching of righteousness. Against such as St. John the Evangelist, the apostle of love, it directs a persecution which fails, not for any want of thoroughness in the malignity of the persecutor, but because the spirit of love is so divinely sustained that it cannot suffer that which hate would fain inflict. It can only send the apostle of love into banishment, away from the scenes of its active working. So the world thinks to suppress the truth, but only opens for the true disciple the opportunity to receive the beatific vision.

Against the holy innocents of earth the world's enmity is shown by surrounding them with an atmosphere of moral as well as physical death. These three festivals of the Church are set for the encouragement and warning of the true disciple. One calls him to the side of the earnest preacher of God's Word. One bids him to observe and cherish the patience of love. One warns him to labor to protect the little ones for whom Christ died.

These are the threefold works of the Church in all time: first, to maintain the truth of doctrine, to uphold the faith once delivered to the saints; next, to illustrate the power of the true Christian life in the world; and lastly, to care especially for those who are helpless and of whom Christ said "of such is the kingdom." It is one trick of the world to sever these each from the other. It strives to teach that doctrine has no concern with loving-kindness. It would fain take the life of contemplation out of the activities of earth, and banish the saint to some lonely Patmos, as if religion were for mystics and dreamers only. It professes to be more tender of the helpless than the Church of Christ can ever be, but does not hesitate to serve its ambition in ruthless disregard of their sufferings.

And on the other hand, it must be the care of the Church that St. John, the evangelist of love, should bind together St. Stephen's work of defending truth with the care which seeks the neglected and lost.

He, the witness to the eternal sonship of our Blessed Lord, is also the teacher of tenderest care for the suffering. The good works of the Church stand upon a true and living faith—and it is love, the fulfilling of the Law, which joins these into one. The world would fain separate them to slay each singly. The Church links them together that all may abound to the glory of God.

THE FEAST OF THE CIRCUMCISION.

It is very significant that St. Luke, the evangelist to the Gentiles, expressly mentions two facts in the early life of the Lord which certainly were not, at first sight, of any particular moment to his Gentile readers. To a Jew, the fact of the circumcision and the going up to the temple at the age of twelve might seem of importance. He would expect and require that the Messiah should keep the Law in all its ceremonial. To omit these would cast a doubt upon the true descent from Abraham. But to the Gentile the truth of the incarnation and the baptism of the Lord, for the hallowing of water to the mystical washing away of sin, would be the cardinal facts to which his thoughts would turn.

We do not in any wise accept what may be called "the picturesque theory" of Gospel composition. We do not believe that any incidents were recorded merely to give liveliness and verisimilitude to the narrative. If a thing is told in the accounts of the Lord's life, it is with a motive other than literary. It is put in because it could not be left out (as so much necessarily was left out) without loss of essential truth. We find the motive for the mention of these two facts to be the desire to impress upon the Church the necessity and fitness of including children in the covenants of grace. As a fact, the tendency of the Church was to put baptism into the place which is now held by the Romish extreme unction. That is, the Gentile converts were liable to make that mistake, as witness the example of Constantine, because at first baptism was mainly administered to adults. We say mainly, not as holding that infants were ever excluded; but because inevitably the first approach of the Gospel to the Gentiles would begin with adult converts.

It is therefore to show that the Jewish principle of making children partakers of the covenant was a principle carried on into the Christian Church, and to mark the relation of confirmation to baptism, that these two facts are recorded, when so much of great interest as one would think was left untold. The feast of the circumcision is a constant reminder to parents of their duty to their offspring. It was a rite which could give to the Lord no additional fitness for His ministry. He alone, of all born of women, needed no purifying token of the remission of sins through the shedding of blood. His baptism was not to wash Himself from the infection of sin, but it was to sanctify the office of the new covenant for all others.

This could not be said of circumcision—a rite He was to abolish and make void. The meaning, then, of the record must, we contend, be looked for elsewhere, and we have tried to show what we consider its especial significance. It may be said that it is by accident that it coincides with the date of the new year of secular life. That is true; but we use the application of it to remind all parents of unbaptized little ones that they let not the new year rise upon the old neg-

lect, and that as they use this date for new purposes of amendment of life and more earnest discharge of duty, they should begin it with this most important of the duties put in their charge.

THE EPIPHANY.

There is a double way in which the Epiphany has been regarded. It has been considered by more than one thoughtful and accomplished critic in its historical relation to the other events of our Lord's life. This involves the explanation of the character of the Wise Men, the nature of the star which led them, the time of their coming, and the subsequent slaying of the Holy Innocents.

Another way of treating the subject is that which seems to us, on the whole, the wiser and truer way. It is to assume without controversy the main and distinctive facts. These are that wise and learned and unquestionably devout Gentiles came from some Eastern land, led by a divinely-appointed sign to inquire at Jerusalem where was born the King of the Jews. It is to recognize that they found the object of their search at Bethlehem in the humble home of Jesus the child of Mary, and that they are so clearly satisfied that their long journey has not been in vain, that, in spite of the lowly surroundings of the Divine Infant, they adore Him and offer Him the costly gifts they have brought with them from afar. These points are beyond all dispute. It seems to us that it is the wiser way of regarding the Epiphany as it stands among the festivals of the Church, the focal star and beacon into which converge the many rays of prophecy, as the typical event according to which are to be interpreted the hidden sayings of old.

It may seem, at first sight, strange that St. Luke, who was ever ready to catch at and record the words of the Lord which point to the bringing in of the Gentiles to the kingdom of heaven, should make no mention of the Epiphany. But the work of St. Luke was distinct from this event. He had it in charge to show the Gentiles, through the fact of the Incarnation, that they were included in the benefits of Christ's coming. It was not by signs and types and prophecies which appealed to Hebrew proofs and expectations, but by words and acts of the Lord himself, that St. Luke draws out his great argument. On the other hand, the prophecies to which St. Matthew—as a Jewish evangelist—appeals, are full of the coming supremacy of Israel over all peoples of the earth. No sign could more truly present Messiah than this coming of the Gentiles to His very cradle.

The Epiphany is, then, the reply of Scripture itself to the modern rationalism which would fain explain away all Messianic allusions of the Old Testament, and find in them only notices of contemporary history. It sends one back into the long chain of ever increasing forewarnings of the day of the Lord. In its very form it is a key to unlock those mysteries. It points to a rule of interpretation the very opposite to that of unbelieving criticism. It bids the Gentile convert to lay aside his literal and low-minded philosophies, and seek the spiritual knowledge hidden in the grand and glowing Hebrew imagery. There is a cant of the day which talks of readapting the Bible to modern needs. The Wise Men of the East did not telegraph to Jerusalem to know if certain astronomical observations of theirs had been noted in Judea, nor did they journey by railroad to find the King of the Jews. Yet not the less surely and divinely were they led, not the less did they "rejoice with exceeding great joy" when they saw the star once more.

Reverent and devout study, not readaptation, is what the Bible asks.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The new year may be the same and yet another. It may be the same in its manner of living, its broken resolves, its failures; or it may be another in its more worthy living and aspiration. With too many, passing from one year to another is like crossing the equator. It is little more than passing an imaginary line, with no reformation, no new experience, no improvement or change of any sort. They wish, and are wished in turn, a happy new year; but they are not happier, save for the moment; nor more hopeful, nor more true and steadfast to the real purposes of life. The same sun shines in 1879 as in 1878 on the evil and on the good; but the evil are not necessarily any better, make no better use of God's gifts. And if not better, then worse. The new year is old in old habits, hearts, characters, in unsatisfactory and unworthy lives. It is the old story over again, only the worse for the repetition. The wheel has made another revolution, and yet made no real progress: it is rather a progress backward.

To all, then, who have entered on the new year it is pertinent to ask, "What is the new year to me? New in what object or purpose? in what more faithful work or greater fidelity to obligations? Am I being carried forward in righteous living and striving? Am I drawing nearer the goal of duty and perfection? In what respect will my life be more satisfactory to myself, more beneficial to others, or more pleasing to God? How will the new year be freighted with more cheerful and unselfish burdens, with more helpful tasks and charities? What sweeter perfume of love and sacrifice, of devotion and piety, will be the issue of it?" To those to whom the year brings this increasing good it is a new year indeed. The flower which budded yesterday and blooms to-day may well rejoice in passing from one day to another. The stream which becomes purer as it flows may well rejoice in its progress towards the sea. And what of that human life which as the years roll on is gathering to itself an added purity and beauty? Each new year is happy; each new year is happier. It is the joy of a traveller who knows that in crossing each meridian he is drawing nearer home. It is the joy of those saintly and faithful ones who, while they might have sought the country from whence they came out, sought a better country, that is an heavenly. No greater joy can we wish the reader than this. The year that is worse may well be gone. The year that is better may well be welcomed. Time is nothing save as it yields richer fruit. The years will quickly fly, and only signify as they accumulate that golden harvest which brings happiness in this life, and fruition in the next.

PURITANISM PURIFIED.

Really, the audacity of some people is remarkable. The Congregationalists of Boston held a festival last week for the glorification of the Puritans, and one of their speakers, the Rev. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, whom we have supposed to be a man of more than ordinary intelligence and good sense, is reported to have actually said that Puritan and Pilgrim "rescued Christmas, which was almost lost, and restored it to its place in the plan of the Divine Master; saved it from tyranny and abuse; they gave it life." "We are told," he added, "that the Puritans turned away from Christmas. *Not at all.*"

The italics are our own. Here, indeed, is history reconstructed with a vengeance. How long, pray, has it been a part of the public record that the Puritans did not turn away from Christmas—"not at all"? When and how did it become known that to the Puritan and the Pilgrim we are indebted for the right observance of Christmas?

Here, indeed, is a new thing under the sun.

We venture to affirm that it is among the facts of history that Christmas was precisely one of the things which the Puritans and Pilgrims did "turn away from" in coming to this country; and that for more than two hundred years their descendants have done their best to suppress—or at least to discourage—the observance of it as a religious festival.

The very same paper which brings to us the report of this remarkable speech announces that "Christmas services" will be held in the Old South church (Congregational), Boston, on Christmas-

day—the exercises comprising "responsive singing and carols, and a Christmas sermon by the pastor." How long, we should like to ask, has the Old South Congregational church, Boston, been in the habit of holding Christmas services? How many of its past pastors—Blagden, Wisner, and others, running away back to colonial times—would have sanctioned the practice at all? How many Congregational churches in New England ever hold Christmas services?

The Church has preserved Christmas to this country, and so far as denominations of Christians are learning to use and enjoy the day, it is because they are feeling the leavening influence of the historic Church, and its reverent regard for the seasons of the Christian year.

In this same speech Mr. McKenzie further remarked that the Puritans "deserve to be commemorated for their great liberality." "I count them," said he, "the most liberal people of modern times." In his history of the First Church in Cambridge—for Mr. McKenzie is an historian as well as an orator—we learn that the Pilgrims and the Puritans, in their early New England churches, required their pastors, though holding orders in the Church of England, to be reordained. Was this an instance of their liberality? For requiring "reordination" with much better reason, the Episcopal Church is sometimes sharply accused of being illiberal.

"Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is your doxy." It is very much so with "liberality" and "illiberality." We are willing to bear our share of the odium of the latter; but we shall not consent to the justice of ascribing to the Puritans all the glory of the former. As for Christmas, it is the common heritage of all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, and we are glad to see any of our brethren in the denominations show signs of a purpose to return to the primitive usage.

Let the leavening go on. And to that end, the more such funny speeches as this on "Forefathers' Days" the better.

EPIPHANY.

It belongs to the calling of a Church of Christ to preach the Gospel, not only in Christendom, but to all mankind, for the purpose of leading men to their Saviour. —*Old Motto Spirit of Missions.*

This old motto strikes the key-note of the season. Well-nigh nineteen centuries have rolled into the past since the wise men brought gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and laid them at the feet of Him who had just risen as the "Sun of Righteousness with healing in His wings." Now, as then, there are thousands upon thousands, nay, millions upon millions, of human beings who, in the figurative language of Holy Scripture, are "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death." And yet "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that the world through Him might be saved."

Without an audible question being asked why this is so, the answer comes to mind: This is because of man's fault.

Two papers have been put forth by authority and in behalf of the Board of Managers. In the first of these, upon the basis of the work of this Church in foreign lands as now established, her members are asked to contribute for its bare support, and for its relief from debt. But something more was needed at this time than the usual annual appeal, and this because, as was stated in the Foreign Report, God has blessed us abundantly, not only in that visible success which has come in answer to the prayers and labors of the givers and workers of a generation, but also in that He has brought before us enlarged opportunities for Christian work with such plain indications that there is no difficulty in "assuredly gathering that the Lord has called us for to preach the Gospel unto them" also. Thus, as when the Apostle wrote, He permits us to be "ambassadors for Christ, and workers together with Him."

APPLICATIONS FOR APPOINTMENT.

It is a notable fact that the Foreign Committee have before them, at this writing, no less than fourteen applications for missionary appointment, and these besides several that have been withdrawn within the last year or two because the lack of sufficient funds precluded action. Of these fourteen, four are from clergymen, one from a candidate for Holy Orders, four from physicians, two from laymen, and three from Christian women. The committee regard this manifestation of general interest as a most hopeful sign, and, were they sure that a continuous supply of means would be forthcoming to warrant them in enlarging the work according to its actual present demands, no doubt as many of these applicants as should be found suitable could be placed in positions in Africa, China, and Japan, where their work for the MASTER would speedily bring forth fruit. It was distinctly stated on the fifth page of the Committee's Annual Report that *at least* one more missionary is immediately needed for China, and one more missionary and a competent man as teacher for Japan; only one of these appointments can be compassed at present—that of a clergyman for Japan, for which position, according to the terms of the gift which makes the appointment possible, there is required a young man of liberal education and practical common sense, whose testimonials, including those touching his physical qualifications, shall be unexceptionable. —*Spirit of Missions.*

SECULAR DISORDERS AND THE LAW OF CHURCH LIFE—IV.

Even in lifeless mechanism the connection between a disturbance in the action and its cause, in a misuse of the original construction, is not always obvious to the eye; yet the connection is actual. Put an organ or a clock to a service for which it was not designed, or handle it in such a way as was not intended by the designer; use the organ as only a contrivance for making the most possible noise, or the clock as a dust-pan; the disarrangement may exist some time before the precise method of the injury is known. As the spiritual constitution of the Church is far more delicate than any material instrument, the manner of its perversions and disturbances is far more obscure.

We are kept familiar with the defects in the working of the ecclesiastical machinery; with the slowness of its Divine movement in modern society; with the discouraging discrepancy between the original power of the Truth and the living fruits of its propagation. Many reasons for the shortcoming are pointed out. The present inquiry is, whether most of these are not subsidiary to one more comprehensive, radical, and destructive cause, viz., the insinuation into the original system of an element not only foreign but hostile to the very nature of its constitution and the very spirit of its life. If this malign influence has crept in so gradually as to be scarcely noticed; if it has come wearing such plausible disguises as hide its real character; if it has been so successful as to pass without reproach for a part of the necessary apparatus of Christianity itself, so much the more difficult will it be for us to be persuaded it is an enemy and not a friend.

Take such depressing phenomena as unbelief, religious indifference in the educated class, missionary inactivity, sectarian divisions, the disproportion of men to women among those who confess Christ, the lack of money to carry on Church enterprises; if we say that these are due to a secularizing of Christ's kingdom, it may be replied that the relation of cause and effect is not apparent. But what if it should appear that a diffused worldly spirit, tolerated and domesticated within the Church itself, does actually enfeeble the very fibre and substance of faith in those who think they believe; does dim the holy light shining from the presence of the Crucified as He walks among the golden candlesticks; does dilute and adulterate the Gospel wine; does make the religion of Christ in the soul a less definite, less vigorous, less courageous thing, then might not the same cause go to account for pronounced disbelief also? Suppose some of the more conspicuous signs of a worldly policy in parish affairs should happen to disgust here and there a silent, straightforward looker-on, who holds his tongue, but nevertheless tells himself to have nothing to do with a religious concern that is servile, sordid, or marketable. Suppose the line between the world and the Church, in the fashions and indulgences of any given congregation or community, should become so confused that reflecting men, valuing their investments, should fail to see why their property ought to be put into a half-sincere "church" rather than into an honest "world." Suppose the Gospel is so represented that a thoroughly selfish pew-holder, known to have two sides to his moral life, can be on most intimate, not to say hilarious,

terms with the prophet who preaches to him, and never be made uneasy. Suppose the clergy themselves are found, on close inspection, to be on the lookout for the most "desirable parishes," personally luxurious, companions of sportsmen and speculators, or sycophantic to social leaders. Suppose the general aspect of a body of communicants in an affluent metropolitan church, the dress, the jewelry, the talk at the door, the equipage, the supercilious manners of fine ladies to their social inferiors but spiritual equals, all taken along with the known needs of heathendom and domestic destitution, should happen to raise in thoughtful minds the question whether this is just the sort of "brotherhood" and "Cross" and "glad tidings" which the angels of heaven would be likely to take the trouble to herald to mankind with the celestial accompaniment of their *Gloria in Excelsis*. Then might it not begin to appear that after all some of those tokens of failure which we have named, and which our Church gatherings and publications continually deplore, can be traced to a secular depravation of the Church itself?

There are certainly some words of our Lord which bear strongly in this direction, and which, however lightly read, are awful in their meaning. They seem to imply that not only is there a partition limit somewhere, a "gulf fixed," but they carry the deeper impression that, in those minds which He draws very close to Himself, whose inner sense His secret touch has opened, and where He has poured the "light that never was on sea or land," a perception of these august relations between worldly living and a beclouded religious epoch may be expected to take place. A keener discrimination will be found to mark off the two realms which are really at war, but which are always liable, through treachery, to intermix. At a moment when every syllable seemed to bear a peculiarly weighty signification, He said, "I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Comforter—even the Spirit of Truth, *whom the world cannot receive*, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but *ye know Him.*" Judas saith, "Lord, how is it that Thou wilt manifest Thyself unto us, and not unto the world?" Jesus answered, "If a man love Me he will keep My words, and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make Our abode with him." In every age, probably, God has clear-sighted saints, scattered it may be in nooks and corners of the earth, if not in parlors and libraries yet in cottages and kitchens, who have not bowed the knee to the image of Baal, and of whom it does Elijah good to think. It is not the wildest of dreams to conceive that He may be preparing such a people for Himself in these "days of rebuke" against His coming again. The "night" runs like a stream, and because it runs only from a reservoir of darkness, and not from eternal fountains in the hills, it runs out and is "spent." Why should not our Advent and Epiphany work, and prayer, and hope, be turned to this quarter of the spiritual heavens, where the "new earth" is as likely as anywhere to begin to appear? It can hardly be otherwise than reasonable to expect that among the first signs of such a renovation will be a return to simplicity and reality in the plans and ways and doings of the spiritual kingdom. For there is a law of Church life. Even a small body of Church people joyfully content with a Church that stands square and steadfast on the original plain foundations, in all that pertains to the visible economy, and content with nothing else, is in the long run an immeasurable power.

Primary among the essentials of a pure Church is a pure ministry. Secularism, therefore, whether as a personal Satan or a human passion, will be likely to lay out its best wits in perverting this ministry. And it will be apt to introduce its influence as soon as possible into the ministerial character, "rising up early" to secularize the mind of the priest and prophet whom God calls and sends. No sooner is the soul of the young man touched with a desire to serve at the altars of the Everlasting Faith than the secular tempter manages to bring before him the image of an eminent clergyman, with a capital settlement over a prosperous parish, exercising a certain kind of power which is accompanied by a delicious sensation, admired and petted by men and women who, if not having the strongest of heads have pleasant manners and are able to do a great deal to make their clergyman comfortable in this present world. It is rather a vague vision, but fascinating. A distinct suggestion of being well-fed or laying up money in the sacred office would give the conscience a shock, and a Satan shallow enough to present his proposal in a shape so vulgar as that would be put underfoot directly. But the general glamour of a handsome establishment and a popular pastorate, mixed up with a mild prospect of doing good on a commensurate scale, is a different thing; in appearance it is less profane. If now he sees straight through that sophistry, resents it, rejects it, considers how such an idea would look beside the orders of our Lord to His messengers, or the constraining love that impelled them as they went on their rough way alone, blessed is that young man!

From the outset the training of the candidate should surely follow the original law of the apostolic, priestly, diaconate life. There can be no serious doubt what that was. Has it ever been repealed or amended? The student should be handled and guided altogether according to the rule of an exacting, obedient, laborious, self-forgetful vocation. There is no other true kindness for him; though there will be no absence of genuine tenderness, or loving consideration. His consecration must be entire, or he is storing up for himself disappointment, failure, and misery. Equally secure is his joy if he starts with unreserved devotion, resolved to go unquestioningly where he is sent, and do willingly what is given him to do. The more sure is he of the higher satisfactions, and the more certain of his legitimate reward, if he bravely puts away from him for the first few years of his ministry all thought of the pleasures of marriage and home. It is not perhaps for living man to tell, but would that angels might reveal, what the cause of our Lord and Saviour is suffering now from a subtle and half-unconscious worldliness in men who speak without hesitation or fear their ordination vows! What overseer of the flock has not frequent and tantalizing visions of what might be done in this land for this Church Catholic and her Head if in every diocese there were only a band of utterly free and uncalculating ministers, *clerici clericorum*, ready and glad to go, to move, to tarry, to toil, with no other concern than to be rightly led? Not all the work of the vineyard is for them; but all of it is for workmen of that spirit of consecration. Is there no such law of Church life? Has it expired by limitation? Are the discipline, studies, devotions, and social tone of our theological schools in conformity with it? Does this Church realize that it is her duty to increase and educate her clergy on that law, and with the personal aims it demands?

Then, should the bishop not have violated that law in a foolish ambition to multiply his clerical staff, or the examining chaplains in a weakness which regards rather the candidate's sensibilities than the spiritual honor of the Church, it might be hoped that only fit persons would serve in this holy service—a decently habited self-seeking not aggravating superficial attainments, or intellectual strength not left to make up for a thin or careless piety.

The ordained, however, are, for local purposes, to be selected and settled. On what principles? After what pattern? By what authority? These questions must be decided, finally, by appeal to the same primal source of all ecclesiastical regulation; not to independency, congregationalism, presbytery, State craft, civil patronage, or any extra-Scriptural precedent. What but dangers and disasters can come to religion if the worldly element in any community chooses the religious teacher, shepherd, and dispenser of God's sacraments? Can it be imagined that this worldly element is, of course, suppressed or even controlled because the people who prefer our particular form of worship are organized into a parish? We can make a supposition. Suppose that, by some wide revelation, it were shown how many of the congregations of our Church are this moment ministered to by ministers who were *not* chosen with a direct and simple reference to their apostolic character; how many where that qualification was not even foremost in the minds of those few persons whose wishes governed the choice. As we are, it cannot be pretended that *all* the clergy are equally or eminently disinterested. The ideal condition is not reached. There is room for comparison. Is it not then a matter of most serious consideration that the audience, as a constituency, miscellaneously made up, with no more than the average spiritual earnestness, are under a besetting temptation to "call" their minister for his personal attractions, his mental or oratorical gifts, his "manner," his "social qualities," his "tact in pleasing the young people," his ability to fill, sell, or let the seats, or his pecuniary independence; in short, to speak plainly, his "secular" properties? Tares and wheat grow together till harvest, true enough; but is it for the tares to direct the tillage of the field, and so to fix the quality of the whole yield? If a vestry calls, and if the vestry is not appointed for its religious purity and elevation, but for reasons partly worldly, then how is this secularizing and degrading tendency to be escaped? And if the people are to be so officered and so shepherded, what is to prevent the process of secularization from gradually blighting the Church and corrupting its original life as badly as heresy or schism?

Whatever the logical issues of these principles in respect to the reciprocal relations between clergy, parishes, and bishops, or whatever effect they might have, if logically pursued, on our existing system, in theory or practice, we can certainly discover no ground for distrusting the principles themselves. There are two or three branches of the subject not yet touched.

F. D. Huntington.

THE INFALLIBILITIES.

Richard Hooker once said: "Two things there are which trouble greatly these later times—one that the Church of Rome *cannot*, another that Geneva *will not*, err." Genevan infallibility has long since gone the way of all things earthly. But in its place has come the infallibility of science. The claim to-day is, on the one side and the other, Rome cannot, science will not, err.

In the *Contemporary Review* for October there are two articles which present these two claims in a very striking way.

The first is Mr. Gladstone's article—"The Sixteenth Century Arraigned before the Nineteenth." In it he most truly says: "There was a time when the champions of the Latin Church were content to pursue the historic method, and to trace through the sacred Scriptures the writings of the fathers, the structure of liturgies, and the decrees of councils, those sacred elements of proof which, as they thought, welding themselves by degrees into a mass, presented the features of a true historic growth, and justified them in inscribing over the portals of their Church the proud title of the Unchanged."

That method is pretty much abandoned now, because, "in the face of the profound alterations effected in the Roman system, the appeal to history has become a patent peril, and must not only be laid aside but inhibited."

What has come into the place thus left unoccupied? This: "In lieu of showing what has been in the world, and what is, or is not, to be deduced from the abundant facts of history bearing on the case, recourse is now often had to the argument *a priori*. This may well be called the domineering argument, as, in order to instruct man, it lays down the law for God, and determines the provision it was needful for Him to make in order to ensure the fulfiment of His promise to the Church that the gates of hell should not prevail against it; or that the Christian Faith, and the society to whose stewardship it was to be entrusted, should endure throughout all the ages, until the work of the Redeemer should have been fully accomplished. To this end we are often told that *it was necessary that there should be an ecclesiastical organization, with one head, exercising supremacy over the entire body.*"

This laid down as a postulate, or, if one may so speak, an axiom, it is argued thereupon that "infallibility *must* be true, because it is," on the theory and to meet its exigencies, "necessary for the perfect maintenance of truth and exclusion of error." That is to say, a certain *a priori* theory is laid down, and then history is *made* to agree with it. Ugly facts must be put aside, ugly gaps must be filled up with guesses, because the exigencies of the theory require it, and so the balloon is inflated and floats in the "infinite azure." Well, he that swallows the theory, the twistings of facts, and the gap-filling guesses, has, of course, nothing to do but to write Q. E. D. after the conclusion.

The second article alluded to above is one by Dr. Charles Elam—"Haeckel and Virchow; the Evolution Controversy in Germany." Haeckel is, as our readers may know, the most advanced, probably, of the German evolutionists. He has set forth in the twenty-second chapter of his "History of Creation" a complete and circumstantial history of our ancestry in *twenty-two* stages or forms of existence from the unicellular *monera* up to the perfect man. . . . The argument is round and complete as a circle. What are the proofs of man's descent from the ape? The facts of ontogenesis and phylogenesis and their correspondence. Where are these facts enumerated? In the chapter as before mentioned. What is the authority for those facts? Chiefly that they are necessitated by the exigencies of the theory. Is there any evidence, that is, any direct and demonstrable evidence, that creatures representing those twenty-two stages ever existed? Not absolutely so; but they "must have existed," otherwise the theory would be imperfect.

So Haeckel starts with the assertion that "our earliest" ancestors, "the *monera*, . . . originated about the beginning of the Laurentian period, by *archebiosis*, or spontaneous generation from so-called inorganic compounds of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen." Of this assertion there is not, and of course cannot be, any proof whatever. And, moreover, it is not explained why the four generating elements, though they have continued to exist, have never, by the formation of inorganic compounds, generated anything since. Perhaps procreative power was exhausted in that act.

However, from this starting point, Haeckel goes on. At one and another point he invents groups of "ancestors" which nobody ever saw, of whose existence there is no trace or phenomenal proof; he bridges over the mighty gap between the *invertebrata* and the *vertebrata* by inventing a new type—demanded by the theory—the *chordonia*, which "developed themselves from worms, *merely* by the formation of a *chorda dorsalis*, and a spinal cord"; until at last he reaches the "anthropoid apes." These near ancestors of ours "developed themselves from the catarhine apes, about the middle of the tertiary period, by the loss of the tail and a great part of the hair, and by a preponderating development of the brain-pan over that of the facial bones." These interesting animals are not, however, our direct ancestors. These "must be sought among the *unknown* and extinct apes of the miocene period. . . . The *Pithecanthropi*, or 'dumb ape men,' come next and last before man. The nearest modern representatives of these are said to be the '*cretins* and idiots' [which nowadays, by some unexplained anomaly, are born of fully endowed men and women], and from these the 'true man' developed himself by ceasing to howl and beginning to articulate."

And so, again, one who accepts the original postulate, and swallows all the subsequent guesses, will write Q. E. D. after the infallible conclusion.

But how exactly similar in form, feature, and construction the two infallibilities are! How identical the processes by which they are reached; only that the one deals with history and the other with natural phenomena—alike in all else, in quiet ignoring of ugly facts, in bold conjectures which the exigencies of the theory require. How well Canon Liddon describes both processes when he says that it is easy for any man "to infer conclusion from conclusion, to project new assumptions as if they were premises, till at last he finds himself soaring far beyond the regions of fact into the regions of *a priori* reasoning, in which *any conclusion is possible from any premises.*" And how does all this light up with portentous significance the words of the *Révue des Deux Mondes*, in 1854: "The Catholic [Romanist], taking dogma *such as time has made it*, is, in a sense, *much nearer the grand philosophy* than the Protestant, who seeks incessantly to return to a pretended primitive formula of Christianity."

J. WILLIAMS.

FURTHER WORDS IN BEHALF OF WU-CHANG.

At this Christmas season, when all hearts are warm with love, may I not add a few words to Bishop Schereschewsky's recent appeal for special offerings, that two clergymen may be sent out to reinforce our work at Wu-Chang? I venture to do so because having worked there for eight years past, I can, to some extent, realize the great urgency of this appeal. Our work in China has been so blessed that we now have *sixteen* young men studying for Holy Orders, and the bishop must provide in his college for the training of the advanced pupils of our schools, with others who may be drawn to it, and also in the theological department for these candidates and those who may follow them. To do this work the *five* foreign clergy he now has are all too few. Besides, we have active missionary and pastoral duties which require supervision and labor on our part until we shall have more *native* clergymen. This work presses on us both at Shanghai and up the great Yang Tze river at our very important and advantageous position at Wu-Chang and Han-Kow. This interior station is to be the main feeder of our college, and the centre whence our young deacons and native helpers are to radiate. We have planted there already boarding and day schools for boys and girls, chapels and a hospital and dispensary, and have some forty communicants as a nucleus. All this means good, honest hard work. The Rev. Messrs. Hoyt and Yen now hold this post. The former must come home in eighteen months, and Mr. Yen is one of the designated professors for the new college, and will be greatly needed in its organization, both by reason of his English education in America and his Chinese education at home. *Two* men are therefore needed *at once* to go out and begin the studies that shall fit them to take up this work when these brethren must turn it over to others. Has the Church no deacons, or seniors in her seminaries, who will answer to this summons to help her in this emergency? No men who wish by their gifts to be represented by the new workers? In time those who go will doubtless have the oversight of a considerable band of native helpers, and find ever-increasing employment as they develop their gifts, whether as scholars or practical workers. No position *ought to seem more desirable* to a young man who can feel how great a conquest for the Christ King we are striving to bring to pass, and what promise we have in the results already attained. We who have labored upon the foundations see the fruition of our hopes, in part, in these young Chinese consecrating themselves as fellow-helpers with us in behalf of their own people I shall be glad to give any one who thinks of going full details, in person or by letter, of much that will surely increase his interest in this matter.

Brethren, shall the bishop appeal in vain now for men, or to the Church for the comparatively small sum which is necessary to equip and send out men, so pressingly needed to hold and to carry forward the work at this the foremost post of our whole Anglican branch of the ever-widening Church Catholic.

I cannot but hope for a prompt response to this need and Bishop Schereschewsky's appeal. WILLIAM J. BOONE.

Feast of St. Stephen, Dec. 26th, 1878.

THE SIXTH CHURCH CONGRESS.

The sixth annual Church Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States will be held in the city of Albany, N. Y., on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, October 21st, 22d, 23d, and 24th, 1879.

The usual invitation to preside having been extended by the executive committee to the Rt. Rev. William Croswell Doane, D.D., Bishop of Albany, he has cordially accepted the same.

GEORGE D. WILDES,
General Secretary.

Office of Church Congress, 2 Bible House, December 16th, 1878.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

DECEMBER 14TH, 1878.

Two domestic events demand precedence in a letter of English news. The nation is thrown into mourning for the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse; not a mere formal assumption of mourning habiliments, but a universal feeling of distress and sympathy with the queen and royal family. That it should fall on the anniversary of the late prince consort's death is a very striking feature in this national bereavement, a day which was also marked by the almost despaired-of recovery of the Prince of Wales from his dangerous illness some years ago. This is the circumstance which gives us some additional fear as to the effect on the queen. She has never got completely over her superstitious observance of that day, and still cherishes more or less morbid sentiments in many matters connected with the memory of the husband of her youth, who was indeed worthy of an affection passing most of such instances recorded in history. This excellent daughter was also the one of the family most concerned in the nursing of her father during his last illness, and it is touching to observe that the diphtheria, which has seized the whole grand ducal family, has been propagated by kissing; so say the German doctors. Love and death, kisses and poison! the elements of many a romance, the plain, prosaic cause and effect in this sorely tried household! Yet love never dies; and it is refreshing to feel that the thoughts which pass beyond the grave are no strangers to them. People of course wonder about and criticise the physical facts. Evidently the family were predisposed to the attack, and it is now more than suspected that there must be some want of sanitary precaution about their palace home, especially when we remember the narrow escapes which the Prince of Wales and his family have had from the same cause.

The other event is the successful issue for the government of the debates in parliament on the Afghan war. A majority of 136 in the House of Lords and of 101 in the House of Commons establishes their position beyond all question; and though the present parliament has now sat for nearly five years, it seems still to represent British public opinion on this point at least. Considering the commercial distress of the country, the stagnation of trade, the breaking of great banks, and the deficit which every one knows must soon be announced, it can hardly be but that the ministry, to which the vulgar of course attribute all these misfortunes, should suffer in public estimation. Increased armaments by land and by sea, war upon war in Asia and Africa, the postponement of many a home reform in consequence; what a count against a government! And how easy to bring this Tory administration under the same category as so many of their predecessors. Generalization is most tempting. Whig governments bring peace, economy, and reform; Tory governments, war, extravagance, and abuses. It is an ugly comparison, and open to the ken of the most superficial politician. And in this particular case, here is Great Britain shuffling off a war with Russia, the real offender, and pouring out the vials of her wrath upon the feeble border race! Here is the old story of "rectifying" the frontier! Here is the invariable "annexation" which historians at last, and lookers-on at the time, with one voice condemn!

Well, in spite of these obvious materials for a grand combat all along the line, and certainly from no want of incitement on the part of the radical leaders, scarcely a single public meeting has been held; those that have taken place have been rudely interrupted, and produced no result. It has been the same in parliament. The speeches of the opposition have been eminently feeble, though—in the lower house, at least—they have the best orators; and here is the result of the division after a week of debate! The fact is that, much as we all dislike this Afghan war, the country is quite convinced of its necessity; and whoever has been most in fault in the past, we see we have no alternative but to act with vigor in the present. Russia has given us the most dire offence, and if we keep out of a war with her it will be a wonder. She has again and again declared one thing about her Asiatic policy, and done another. She admitted our right to warn her off Afghanistan, and then intrigued herself into the very heart of it. It is true she now puts it upon the warlike aspect of affairs between herself and us some months ago, and no doubt that led to a somewhat greater development of her policy; but we now know how much she had been doing in the same direction before, and how much of the same policy has been pursued since. We have therefore—the whole British nation—entered upon a new and very plain line of action. We say that our patience is exhausted. The Ameer cannot take care of himself; we must take care of him. He has received the Russian envoy; he must now not only receive ours, and exclude theirs, but permit us to make our frontier sure on the western side of the mountain barriers. Russia may do what she pleases under this state of things, we are quite ready to meet her. Meanwhile she must withdraw at once, and altogether, from a state which we cannot any longer treat as independent, and which commands India so completely that it is unsafe for any other nation but our own to be established within it. If any difficulty is made we shall proceed to annexation, whatever it may cost us. At the present moment affairs look prosperous. The Russians do not appear to be inclined to take any overt part with the Ameer, and our army has already had a wonderful success. For a moment we were anxious about the column which had to make its way through the Kuram Pass, by far the most difficult of the three routes on which our army set out on November 21st. But General Roberts has been marvellously successful in the performance of a most arduous military service, and we shall now be established for the winter on the western slopes, ready to advance further in the spring if necessary. But rumor asserts that the Ameer already finds out his mistake, and that we shall have a speedy peace. May it be so! and may it come by Christmas! It is sad to think of all these wars and rumors of wars; but those who have read and studied the late Professor Mozley's sermon on war will feel that there are compensations, and rather dwell on the blessed time to come than indiscriminately condemn those whose empire persistently involves sacrifices of this kind. It is at least one comfort to find that the opinion of nearly all Europe is with us on the present question, and thus we may hope that posterity will endorse a judgment which those immediately concerned can hardly make impartially.

I cannot conclude this letter without a notice of the fresh scandal caused by the reply of Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn to Lord Penzance, on the question of the jurisdiction claimed by the one court and restrained by the other, in the matter of the ritualistic trials. The *odium theologicum* has never yet, I think, raged so fiercely as this *odium legale*, judged by the last specimen. It rather reminds one of the language of Billingsgate. One can only hope that the court of appeal will soon adjudicate between these waspish judges, for the whole thing is becoming really too painful.

LETTER FROM GERMANY.

DECEMBER 10th, 1878.

I write on the presumption that my letter of October 21st, respecting the anti-socialist bill of the German government, has reached you and has appeared, probably, in THE CHURCHMAN of November 16th, for the impression of that date has not arrived, and is, without doubt, at the bottom of the English Channel, along with the wreck of the unfortunate "Pommerania." On the same day on which I wrote, the bill was countersigned and published, and the storm of evictions, prohibitions, and confiscations broke loose at once. The official gazette led off by forbidding thirty-four pamphlets, newspapers, and periodicals; published in all languages and countries, and several of them dating from Chicago. Day after day, with more or less fulness, the storm has continued; and up to the beginning of this month no less than 153 clubs or societies have been closed, and 40 periodicals and 135 pamphlets placed upon the prohibited list. A full third of these expurgations falls to the share of Prussia, and nearly as many to Saxony; the southern kingdoms get the least portion. Nor is the first assault quite finished; most days the *Reichsanzeiger* contains further prohibitions. And now appeals are beginning to come in. By the recent law a new court of appeal was created for trying these cases, and at first the Socialists seemed to be so cowed that no attempt was made to contest the repressive measures; but they are now plucking up courage, and sixty six appeals—about one in five prohibitions—have been raised. As yet there has been only one instance in which the prohibition has been reversed, and that was clearly a case of over-zeal on the part of the police; but when we consider the number and variety of clubs that have been closed, choral societies, workingmen's associations, and reading-rooms, it is more than probable that many of the innocent suffer with the guilty.

And last week the authorities of Berlin put into sudden action the paragraph of the bill which permits the police, in cases of apprehended "danger to public security," to evict Socialist leaders and agitators. This was by way of preparing for the emperor's triumphal entry on Thursday last, and the police gave notice to about fifty of the prominent Socialists to leave Berlin and its neighborhood within three days. Among these were two members of the imperial parliament. In addition to this, a sort of state of siege was declared over the capital, with its suburbs and *entourage*. The carrying of arms and manufacture of explosive projectiles was forbidden, except in certain specified cases, such as with military and civil officers, sportsmen, and others specially excepted. In consequence of these sharp measures the wildest rumors prevailed. Two chests of primed Orsini bombs were said to have been seized at Hamburg, fresh threatening letters had been found in the post-office, and revolution had been on the point of breaking out in Berlin. Last night, in the Prussian Lower House, the minister of the interior made a statement on the subject, by which it appeared that no very startling discovery of secret machinations had been made, but that the simple fact was that the government found they could not cope with the strength of Socialism without imitating the classic example, and cutting down the tallest poppies. The first measures, said the minister, had proved inefficient; the Socialists of the capital had found means of circumventing the law; their meetings continued, and an active secret agitation was carried on; while, in addition, members of the International and Nihilists in Berlin held constant communication with the Socialists, and so it became imperative to scatter their forces.

Whether in consequence of, or in spite of, these measures, the return of the emperor to his capital last Thursday was entirely without disturbing incidents. It was made a citizens' festival, and was as rejoicing and peaceful as if no international volcano were gathering its forces under the surface. The welcome accorded to the grand old monarch was warm beyond precedent—the city put on its gayest attire, and at night was splendidly illuminated. One drawback was that the emperor still kept his right arm in a sling, and saluted with the left, but this was only a precautionary measure, for he

can write now quite well. Immediately on his arrival he signed the decrees, by virtue of which he reassumed the reins of government, and in which he thanked his son, the crown prince, for his careful conduct of the same during his absence.

The return of the emperor to his capital will give a new spurt to one of the schemes which were set on foot some time ago as tokens of the public gratitude at the failure of the attempted murder. This is the plan to build a "Thanksgiving church" in Berlin, and to that end 70,000 marks have been gathered, but ten times the amount will be required. No scheme is more worthy of support; for Berlin is terribly deficient in Church accommodation, in clergy, and the privileges of public worship. The Protestants of Prussia are beginning to feel this, and the cries of "spiritual destitution" are at last receiving a response; for example, the recent Berlin Synod decreed the establishment of three new parishes, and the institution of seven new pastors, as a small instalment of Church extension. To take another example, the city parish of Holy Cross contains a population of 40,000, for whom there is only one church, and this goes by the name of the "Interim church," as being only a makeshift; the parochial board has now determined to build another church, at a cost of 450,000 marks, but the parishioners, mostly of the poorer classes, are asking where the money is to come from.

Judging from the Church statistics that appear from time to time in the public prints, the religious condition of Berlin is most deplorable. It is not only in church-going, but in the neglect of other ordinances, that this anti-religious feeling is displayed; take as an example the fact that last year, among the children born of Protestant parents, one fourth of the legitimate and nearly two thirds of the illegitimate were unbaptized, and that only one third of the marriages were solemnized by any religious service. It is, fortunately, mainly in the capital and in a few other large towns that this neglect is so crying. The general statistics of the Protestant Church in Prussia are more encouraging. Thus, last year, the proportion of baptisms to births were, of legitimate children 93.37 per cent., and of illegitimate 80.64 per cent. The proportion of religiously sanctioned marriages to civil marriages were with both parties—Protestant 87.27 per cent., with mixed religious marriages 70.46 per cent. The statistics of the country, on the whole, are therefore fair.

One more statistic. I notice in a recent number of THE CHURCHMAN the fact, adduced as a proof of shortcoming, that in London only one fourth of the population may be reckoned as church-going. In the official Protestant paper of the Grand Duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt it is stated that only 19.7 of the population go to church, and that in the large towns the proportion is more terrible; the percentage of church attendance in Darmstadt is only 6.3, in Offenbach 1.6, in Giessen 4.3, in Mainoz 6 4, and in Worms 7.4.

LETTER FROM DAMASCUS.

NOVEMBER 15th, 1878.

It is thought a very nice thing for a tourist to visit Damascus, the oldest city in the world—a city in the days of Abraham, and now having a population of over 200,000. But when one gets through the sight-seeing of this celebrated but dismal, dirty city, and gets safely out of the land of the Turks, alive and well, he may be unfeignedly thankful. It is the same old story over again. Everywhere and always, the Mohammedans are an uncanny, unclean race. Their religion proscribes cleanliness, and fountains for ablution stand before every mosque; but the devotees wash only the arms from the elbows down, and the feet; as to proper bathing, they know nothing of it.

We have been in all the large cities of the Turkish empire; but cities like Constantinople and Smyrna, which have scores of the far-famed Turkish baths, have not a single bath where a decent Christian can bathe without having his stomach turned, or the fear of some contagious disease. I have repeatedly tried to find some of the best recommended public baths in the East, and never found one that I could tolerate.

It is very difficult, at this period, for an American to travel through European or Asiatic Turkey, and describe his simple natural impressions without seeming to be under strong prejudices. I hope to be free from such imputations. Our English cousins and co-religionists have a heavy undertaking in these lands. The typical Englishman, even if a liberal, thinks it well to make believe that Turkey should now be buttressed up under the appearance of introducing reforms. Possibly Cyprus, with its 670 villages, and a population of 270,000, may after years give some chance; but the two best towns in the island which we saw seemed so God-forsaken that we were only too glad to get away.

But here in Damascus we have the present Oriental life in its true features. The outlines of the city and its leading objects can be readily verified. The house of Ananias, where St. Paul lodged; the gate where he was let down in a basket; the "street which is called straight," though utterly wanting in its colonnade any mark of decency or elegance—all these can be recognized or assumed; but in the whole city there is scarcely a really comfortable place to visit, except the Great Mosque, built on the site of the original church of St. John. One of the minarets of this mosque is called "The Minaret of Jesus," and Moslem tradition affirms that when Jesus shall come to judge the world, He will first descend on this minaret; and then from His seat on this mosque will judge all men of every sect and nation.

It seems very evident that the place shown on the way to Damascus, on the high road from Jerusalem where St. Paul saw the vision which resulted in his conversion, should be regarded as the true spot. It is some ten miles out of the city, a sharp wedge where two ways meet, one from Northern Galilee, and the other the royal road from Jerusalem direct; and it is exactly at this point that one coming from Jerusalem gets his first view of Damascus. The traditions of sacred places all over Syria and Palestine are well preserved in the present language of the country, and from data well recognized in the unchangeable habits of the people. It is singular how tenaciously bigoted Mohammedans claim an interest in many objects which we regard as exclusively Christian. Thus the tomb of St. Polycarp at Smyrna has always been so carefully preserved that the Christian sects around the city are made to feel that they have nothing to do with it. And as to the undisputed sacred places in the Holy Land generally, we are indebted to the Mohammedan traditions chiefly. The Arab language has embalmed the old Jewish names in a manner not to be mistaken. Jacob's well and Joseph's tomb near Nabulus (Shechem) are examples of undisputed recognition of places whose identity has been preserved from the times when they were the scenes of the events assigned to them in history. It is only in such places as Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth, where the rival orders of the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Churches have displayed their fruitful inventiveness, that one need feel much suspicion as to the reality or identity of the so-called sacred places. But as to the general verities of Biblical history, both in the Old and New Testament, one feels in travelling over this land that the Bible is his true guide-book. Researches innumerable have only certified the well-known *memorabilia* of sacred history.

One feels all this especially as to the places where our Lord spent His ministry of three years after He was driven out of Nazareth, the place where He had lived from infancy. With the exception of His three visits to Jerusalem during the three years of His ministry, we have our associations of His life nearly all connected with Nazareth, and the towns around the sea of Galilee. All these places now seem beyond a doubt the same as recorded in the New Testament. We sailed and rowed and fished and bathed and swam in the places made sacred by the history of our Lord and His apostles. But how changed the scene, morally and socially. Was there ever such desolation wrought in towns showing by their ruins traces of once happy and prosperous peoples? In many places, such as Magdala, an epidemic has passed over the land and infected the poor animals; and their horrid carcasses lying around the towns, with the dirtiness of the people in addition, is enough to scare the healthiest man into a fit of sickness. And then the poverty of the people moves one to constant pity. In some places which we passed, the olive and other crops were so poor these last two years that the taxes demanded were greater than the yield for the year; and the wretched people in some instances have cut down their olive trees and vines to escape the rapacity of the tax-gatherer. And yet any one can see that the Arab race has very many fine qualities. God speed the day when the power of the Turk shall yield to a Christian civilization.

J. P. TUSTIN.

MEXICAN CHURCH WORK.

EPISCOPAL ORGANIZATION.

The general synod of the Church of Jesus, Mexico, met in November, 1878, at the capital, and took important action in reference to complete episcopal organization. After the election of the Rev. Tomás Valdespino as a third candidate for episcopal consecration, the synod authorized the three bishops elect, viz., the Rev. Dr. Riley, the Rev. Mr. Hernandez, and the Rev. Mr. Valdespino, to conclude the offices for the administration of the Holy Communion and baptism, and to prepare all the necessary certificates and documents to be laid before the Mexican Commission of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

INCREASING INFLUENCE.

The political situation is very favorable to the Reformed Church. The Liberal party were never more firmly established in Mexico than they now are. The government is firmly pressing the execution of its laws of reform. The Church is daily rising in public estimation. Its work has the sympathy of some occupying very high positions in government circles. The secular press has lately frequently alluded to its work in a way which indicates the direction of public opinion in its interests. The editor of the leading journal of the capital is at this time defending the Church members against those Roman Catholics who are endeavoring to distort, in their own interests, the facts connected with the recent massacre at Atzala.

The following extract from a rabid Roman Catholic periodical of Puebla will be read with interest in this connection, and its significance will be seen at once:

"In an application which the renegade Presbyter Perez has presented to the Governor of Puebla, and which was published in the *Era de Gracia* [organ of the Church of Jesus], he is initiating a furious persecution against the Catholics, smoothed over with the pretext of asking for guarantees for the Protestants, as if they were in any need of them; as if the government, since the times of Lerdo, had not placed in the hands of Protestantism its arms and its power."

SELF HELP.

So earnest are the workers in Mexico for the support which the Church needs that they are trying to unite their hands in *organized* effort to secure from among themselves and from any sympathizing friends in Mexico whatever can be gleaned to aid in the attempt. They have therefore organized a Mexican Education Society, of which the Rev. Dr. Riley is the first president, each school and branch orphanage having a president, secretary, and treasurer. The officers of each department are to use every means in their power to procure funds for their especial charge. We learn that the school is attracting favorable attention, and that by great exertion some aid may possibly be gained in this way.

A class for instruction in the English language has been formed. Already twenty girls, nine young ladies, and nearly as many young gentlemen are enjoying its advantages. This class will be influential in bringing into the schools pupils from respectable families among the liberals.

An important aid in extending a wider interest, and thus indirectly tending to secure pecuniary help, is the institution on Advent Sunday of an English service. English and American residents will now have the opportunity of attending these regular services, said in their own tongue, and many may be led to set a higher value upon the work of the Church of Jesus. For the present these services will be conducted by a layman from the United States.

The earnestness of the members of the Church of Jesus is no less evinced in this self-denying effort to help themselves than it has been in

their constant fidelity and perseverance in the circumstances of bitter opposition to which they have been so frequently exposed. The pluck which they manifest at a time when the very existence of some of their institutions is threatened by the depressing pecuniary outlook must commend them to the consideration of every true-hearted Christian: and it is most devoutly to be wished that this evidence of their consecration to the work of our blessed Lord may prove a stimulus to the liberality of the members of the Church in the United States in behalf of the work in Mexico.

ENGLAND.

REMARRIAGE OF DIVORCED PERSONS.—The Church of England Workmen's Society addressed letters to the bishops of the Church, inquiring if any collective decision had been made on the subject of the remarriage of divorced persons. At a recent council meeting replies were read from two archbishops and sixteen bishops. No general decision had been made; but the practice of remarrying the divorced does not appear to prevail, and in some dioceses it is not permitted. The Archbishop of Canterbury stated that each bishop is entitled to exercise his own discretion as to the orders he gives to his registrar. A resolution was thereupon adopted by the council of the society memorializing the convocations of both provinces to take measures to remove the present grave scandal and immorality of the direct conflict that exists between the State, the canon law, and the Divine law as recorded in the Gospel.

THE ARCHBISHOP AND THE POOR CHILDREN.—The evening congregation of South place chapel, Finsbury, and others "dissenting from the tenets represented" by his grace, have presented a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury on behalf of the children in the neighborhood of the palace. The document, which was signed by Mr. G. J. Holyoake, contained such passages as the following:

"Crouching under the very walls of Lambeth Palace, where your grace has the pleasant responsibility of illustrating the opulence and paternal sympathy of the legal Church of the land, lie streets as dismal, cheerless, and discreditable as any that God in His wrath ever permitted to remain unconsumed. In the houses are polluted air, squalor, dirt, and pale-faced children. The only green thing upon which their feverish eyes could look is enclosed in your grace's palace park, and shut out from their sight by dead walls. What we pray is that your grace, in mercy and humanity, will substitute for those penal walls some pervious palisades, through which children may behold the refreshing paradise of nature, though they may never enter therein. In this ever-crowding metropolis, where field and tree belong to the extinct sights of a happier age, children are born and die without ever knowing their soothing charm; and hunger and thirst for a green thing to look upon, as sojourners in a desert do for the sight of shrub or water. No prayer your grace could offer to heaven would be so welcome in its kindly courts as the prayer of gladness and gratitude which would go up with the screams of change and joy from pallid little ones breathing the fresh air from the green meadows, which only a few more fortunate sheep now enjoy. Might we pray that the gates should be open, and that the children themselves should be free to enter the meadows? . . . We ask not that they should personally approach your grace, but that the children of your desolate neighborhood should be allowed to disport in the vacant meadows of the palace, that their souls may acquire some scent of nature which their lives may never know."

In his letter of reply the archbishop said:

"The condition of the inhabitants of the poor streets in Lambeth has often given me anxiety. My daughters and Mrs. Tait are well acquainted with many of the houses which you describe, and, so far as my other duties have allowed, I have taken opportunities of visiting some of the inmates of such houses personally. I should esteem it a great privilege if I were able to assist in maturing any scheme for improving the dwellings of the poor families to which your memorial alludes. Respecting the use of the open ground which surrounds Lambeth Palace, I have, in common with my predecessors, had the subject often under consideration. The plan which has been adopted, and which has appeared on the whole the best for the interests of the neighborhood, has been that now pursued for many years. The ground is freely given for cricket and football to as many schools and clubs as it is capable of containing, and, on application, liberty of entrance is accorded to children and others. Many school treats are also held in the grounds, and they are from time to time used for volunteer corps to exercise in. We have always been afraid that a more public opening of the grounds would interfere with the useful purposes to which they are at present turned for the benefit of the neighborhood, and that, considering the somewhat limited extent of the space, no advantage could be secured by throwing it entirely open, which would at all compensate for the loss of the advantages at present enjoyed."

DEAN STANLEY AND MAX MULLER.—In reference to the recent publication of Professor Max Müller's lectures in the chapter-house of Westminster it may be well to quote the following extract from the sermon preached by the Dean of Westminster on St. Andrew's day: "The first who undertook the office of delivering the lecture on St. Andrew's day was a German scholar of world-wide renown, who, beyond any other living man, has made the various religions and languages of mankind his study, and who was sure to speak of them with that union of reverence and truthfulness which in itself is a model to all teachers of the heathen everywhere. So he spoke to you on the missionary aspect of the various religions of the world; and when at a later date, in this very year, he further developed the same truths from a somewhat different point of view in the ancient chapter-house adjoining the abbey, the permission to him so to lecture within those venerable walls was granted at my special request, and with my full sympathy and responsibility; because I felt that he was still carrying out and developing the same principle, viz., that through the whole field of the world, wherever we can find one sacred spot in the soil of the human heart, there the seed of religion, which is the Word of God, may be sown, and may yield fruit, some thirty-fold, some sixty-fold, some a hundred-fold."

SECESSION FROM THE ROMAN CHURCH.—A correspondent of the *Times* says that the Rev. Thomas Graves Law, an esteemed and scholarly father of the Brompton Oratory, editor of "Haydock's Bible," and author of the "Calendar of English Martyrs" and other critical works, has seceded from the Oratory and from the Roman Catholic Church. His father, Prebendary Law, son of the first Lord Ellenborough, was among the earlier recruits from tractarianism to the papal communion, to which most of his relatives now belong.

THE NEXT CHURCH CONGRESS.—It has been decided to hold the next Church Congress in Swansea, in October next. A meeting was held at that place on the 3d of December last to make arrangements.

A PROPHECY FULFILLED.—The report that the Porte has granted a concession to an English company for the construction of the Euphrates Valley Railway, and to a French company for the Jaffa-Jerusalem line, has been very favorably received by the Jews in Jerusalem, especially as, according to their belief, a prophecy in the Scriptures will thereby be fulfilled. The Euphrates Railway, so it is proposed, will intersect the former provinces of Assyria and Babylonia, and will have stations at Mossul and Hillel, in the neighborhood of which towns are Assyrian and Babylonian ruins. It has been suggested at Constantinople that eventually a junction might be effected between the Euphrates line and the Egyptian railways, which, if carried out, would confirm the following prophecy of Isaiah (chap. xix. 23): "In that day there shall be a highway out of Egypt to Assyria, and the Assyrian shall come into Egypt and the Egyptian into Assyria, and the Egyptians shall serve with the Assyrians."—*Jewish Chronicle.*

THE LORD CHIEF-JUSTICE AND LORD PENZANCE.—Lord Chief-Justice Cockburn has written a letter to Lord Penzance, Dean of the Court of Arches, on his judgment in the case of Coombe *v.* Edwards. He denounces the style and tone of that judgment, and says that it is the first instance in the judicial annals of England in which a judge whose opinion has been overruled has, on a similar case presenting itself, availed himself of the opportunity to rail at the judgment which has superseded his own—the first instance of a judicial opinion being made the occasion of a personal and hostile attack. Having expressed his "profound disapproval and regret at this escapade" of Lord Penzance, the lord chief-justice enters upon an exhaustive criticism of his judgment, and concludes: "From this reasoning, if sound, it follows: 1st, that it was not competent to the diocesan to confer on you jurisdiction over an offence not yet committed; 2dly, that the transfer of jurisdiction over a specific offence does not, expressly or by implication, confer such jurisdiction; 3dly, that any exercise of such jurisdiction, if intended and attempted to be conferred, would be inconsistent with fundamental principles; consequently, that the exercise of it would be unauthorized, and therefore in excess of jurisdiction. We arrive, then, at the following result: 1st, that the offence with which you have thus dealt, not being within any original jurisdiction possessed by you, or included in the authority delegated to you by the letters of request, was not one with which you were authorized to deal; 2dly, that if it had been, the summary procedure by which you have dealt with it being new and unauthorized by the established practice of your court, you have by the use of it exercised a judicial power which it was not competent to you to exercise; 3dly, that treating the offence as contumacy, you have imposed a punishment which you had no authority to inflict in respect of contumacy, whether as regards the species of punishment or the term of its duration; 4thly, that in all these particulars there has been an excess of jurisdiction; 5thly, that through this undue assumption of jurisdiction you have deprived the defendant of his status and his freehold. Consequently, that the case was one in which it was necessary that the execution of your sentence should be arrested by prohibition."

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

PORTSMOUTH—*Bequest to the Church.*—The will of the late George M. Marsh, of this city, bequeaths the bulk of his estate, estimated to be worth between $50,000 and $100,000, to the bishop of the diocese, the rector of St. John's church, and other trustees, for the purpose of erecting a church, to be called Christ church.

MANCHESTER—*Grace Church.*—A new organ has just been placed in this church, built by Mr. George H. Ryder, of Boston. It has ten stops, extending through the whole register, four mechanical stops, and five combination pedals. The erection of the organ completes the furnishing of the church, and it is now proposed to build a parish-house, or hall, the plans of which are drawn.

MASSACHUSETTS.

BOSTON—*St. Luke's Home.*—The annual public service at St. Luke's Home, with the visitation of the bishop, took place on Friday afternoon, December 20th, 1878. The chapel-room was completely filled by an interested audience, as also other parts of the building. After full Evening Prayer by the Rev. Messrs. W. C. Winslow and G. S. Converse, in which the choir of St. John's church in the Highlands took a hearty and effective part, seven candidates for confirmation were presented to the bishop by the Rev. Mr. Winslow. After the confirmation the bishop made an address of hearty congratulation upon the good work accomplished at the home, and upon the efforts, quite successful, to reduce the debt upon the institution. His words to the confirmed were appropriately tender and judicious. The general interest in the home seems to be largely increasing in Boston and its neighborhood.

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK—*St. Peter's Church.*—The Young Men's Association of this parish has issued its annual report, which states that the total receipts of the association during the past year were

$317.73, and the expenditures $315.14, leaving a balance in the treasury of $2.59.

The report describes the purpose and work of the association as follows:

"The purpose of this association is well known. It is simply to assist in affording relief to the deserving poor of this parish; to visit and provide for the sick and the aged; to persuade the indifferent to attend the services of the Church; to bring children into the Sunday-school; and, in general, to bring Christian influences to bear upon those who would otherwise be left without them.

"It will be seen that the duties of the association are not such as to attract notice in their performance; nevertheless, they have been performed with gratifying success. Much suffering has been either prevented or alleviated; in many instances employment has been found for those willing to work. Not a few cheerless abodes have been visited, and desponding hearts comforted and strengthened with words of sympathy and encouragement; and useful papers have been given, and books loaned, to those whom they would benefit.

"In the prosecution of its work this association has carefully endeavored to do the most it could with the means supplied. It has constantly acted upon the principle that true charity helps only the deserving. While endeavoring to raise all into that class, it has sought to encourage those who earnestly strive to maintain themselves, and to aid them when misfortune has come upon them.

"While we have the poor always with us, it is evident that the present time is one of unusual distress among them. It is difficult for them to find means to support themselves, and many now need aid who have heretofore been able to live without it."

The Rev. Dr. Abercrombie is expected to preach in the church on Sunday evening, January 5th, in behalf of the charity fund.

Aid for the Cuban Mission.—A committee of laymen, formed in aid of the Church's mission in Cuba, and consisting of Messrs. George E. Sibley, of the Diocese of New Jersey, and B. Richardson, William P. Clyde, and George Wistar Kirke, of the Diocese of Long Island, recently presented a memorial to the presiding bishop, at his residence in this city, asking him to take action concerning it.

In response to this request, the presiding bishop expressed his full and entire concurrence with the views and plans of the committee, and certified his intention of calling a meeting at an early day, at which he would present his official reply to the foregoing memorial and move in the organization of a guild.

The committee also received a letter from the Bishop of Maryland, which was presented to the presiding bishop.

The meeting then organized a guild of bishops, clergy, and laity, to promote its objects, by raising funds and otherwise assisting the work of the Cuban mission.

ALBANY.

RECEPTION OF THE BISHOP.—At noon, on St. Stephen's day, in the cathedral church of All Saints, Albany, the Standing Committee of the diocese formally received the bishop upon his return from Europe. A large congregation filled the cathedral. The surpliced choir, the Standing Committee, the rectors of the several parishes in the city, together with thirty other clergymen, met the bishop at the west door, and singing a processional hymn, escorted him to his chair. The *Te Deum* was then sung to an elaborate musical composition, and in an appropriate and affecting address the Rev. Dr. Payne, president of the Standing Committtee, welcomed the bishop home.

The bishop responded in an address full of love and hearty appreciation of the welcome extended to him. He spoke warmly and freely of his observations abroad, of his thankfulness at being once more at home, and his gratitude for the freedom and doctrinal soundness of the American Church.

At the close of the bishop's address the Holy Communion was celebrated by the bishop, assisted by the clerical members of the Standing Committee in the epistle, the gospel, and the offertory, and in the administration by the dean of the cathedral.

The annual convention is appointed to meet in the cathedral on the 14th of January, when the bishop will deliver an address upon his visit in England and on the continent. His interest in the work just inaugurated in Paris by M. Lovson is very deep; and his admiration of the work being done by the Rev. Dr. Nevin in Rome is very warm and outspoken.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

CORNING.—On Friday, December 20th, 1878, a convocational meeting was held at this place, the bishop of the diocese presiding. Missionary addresses were made by the Rev. Messrs. L. Windsor and Cameron Mann.

ORDINATIONS.—At the quarterly ordination in St. Paul's church, Havana, the Rev. Joseph Wayne, M.A., was admitted to the Priesthood; and Messrs. Thomas Stephens and Isaac Easterbrooks were admitted to the Diaconate. The Rev. Messrs. Palmer and Mann were examiners, and assisted the bishop as the canonical presbytery. The bishop preached on I. Sam. iii. 19, 20.

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY.

ORANGE—*Grace Church.*—The chancel of this church appeared on Christmas-day adorned with the carved and panelled oak reredos formerly set up in Trinity church, New York. This beautiful and costly piece of work, upon its final removal from Trinity church to make room for the still more costly Astor memorial, became the property of a clergyman of this diocese, who, a few weeks since, generously presented it to the vestry of Grace church with a view to its being adapted to a chancel which, ever since the enlargement of the church, has greatly needed something by way of ornament and decoration.

The work of fitting was finished, and the necessary color decoration of the ceiling and walls of the chancel was completed, in time for its appearance and full effect on Christmas-day. The work was done under the supervision of Mr. Henry Dudley, the architect and a competent committee of the vestry. By general consent the effect of the reredos has gained rather than lost by its transfer to a smaller church, and to a chancel where the light brings out better the elaborate carved work of the panels, buttresses, and canopies. If it had been designed for the place to which it has now been adapted it could not have been more suitable or beautiful. The four panels above the altar have been reduced to three, their former blue ground changed to vermillion, and adorned with appropriate texts of Scripture. The woodwork reaches up as far as the spring of the arch of the window, and is brought round on a lower line at the sides towards the chancel rail and to the edge of the rear platform.

It makes a very beautiful chancel for this parish church, and leaves little more to be desired for it in the way of interior decoration.

JERSEY CITY—*Hudson County Church Hospital and Home.*—A Christmas-tree at this institution deserves special mention, as it marks very gratifying progress in its blessed work. Three years ago, after a meeting of the hospital guild, in which it was resolved to put on foot the endowment of a child's bed, to be called the Daisy Bed, the present writer picked from the path on which he was walking away a dime which somebody had lost. This he handed to the treasurer, who was by, as the beginning of the endowment of $3,000. The Church children were appealed to through the *Church Journal*, drawing offerings from every part of the country which appeal has been responded to by already making up the full sum of $3,000, with about $200 surplus with which to commence the endowment of the Grace Memorial Bed in the Daisy Ward.

The celebration on Christmas-eve was mainly for the children in this ward. There was a beautiful tree in the chapel laden with ornaments and gifts, with toys and books, and every device which the ingenuity of love conceives for the whosome enjoyment of little children. The services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Putnam, rector of St. Paul's church, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, of St. Matthew's church. The service was made very bright by a delegation of children from St. Paul's Sunday-school singing lovely Christmas carols until the halls of the house echoed again.

Christmas-day was marked by a sumptuous dinner for the patients, old and young, spread in the ample hall. F. C. P.

PATERSON—*St. Paul's Church.*—This church has just been reopened for Divine service, after being closed for the renovation and improvement of its interior. The chancel has been entirely refurnished and decorated, and the old furniture removed to the Sunday-school rooms. Much of the new furniture was given by members of the congregation, some parts of it being in memory of deceased persons.

PENNSYLVANIA.

RADNOR—*Hospital of the Good Shepherd.*—The fifth annual report of this hospital states that eighteen patients were admitted during the last year, twenty-seven were treated, and six remained at the date of the report. Of the whole number discharged, eight were cured, ten improved, and three were stationary. Of those remaining two are much improved, two are improved, and five remain stationary. The total receipts were $2,072.94; expenditures, $2,022.85.

MARYLAND.

BALTIMORE—*Church of the Ascension.*—The indebtedness of this church is now about $16,000, and the rector (the Rev Campbell Fair) is uniting with the congregation in a special effort to pay it. In furtherance of this object Mr. Fair pledges himself to pay $3,000 on Easter-day, 1880, provided the remainder of the debt, about $13,000, is paid by that time.

A meeting of the congregation was held on the 23d of December last, to consider Mr. Fair's proposal and take action upon it. Forty-seven pledges were made, amounting to about $6,000, toward paying the indebtedness. The meeting was adjourned to January 8th, when it is hoped that the amount of subscriptions will be increased to $10,000, and the friends of the movement are confident that the full amount necessary will be realized soon.

It is also hoped that *former* members of the congregation scattered throughout the Church will contribute when they learn what is being accomplished.

VIRGINIA.

RICHMOND—*The Woodbridge Memorial.*—The window erected by the congregation of the Monumental church as a testimonial of their love and reverence for their late lamented pastor, the Rev. George Woodbridge, D.D., has been placed in position. The window is of stained glass, painted in the middle-age style, and is really a group of three windows—one large and two small ones, the latter being on each side of the main glass. They occupy the space of the former window on the north-west side of the church, on the left of the chancel, as you enter the building from the main doors. The centre glass symbolizes the life of him in whose memory it was placed, and represents a life-size figure of the "Good Shepherd and His Flock." The two side windows are painted in geometrical patterns, with the emblematical symbols of the Four Evangelists.

The inscription upon the glass is exceedingly appropriate. Before the main or centre window are the words:

"To the Glory of God,
And to the Memory of Rev. George
Woodbridge, D.D."

On the smaller window on the left are the words:

"The Pastor of this Congregation for Over
Forty-five Years. Born June 25th, 1804.
Died February 14th, 1878."

On the other window is the inscription:

"Feed My Lambs.
Erected by His Friends as a Token of Christian Affection."

—*Richmond Dispatch.*

MISSISSIPPI.

LETTER FROM THE BISHOP.—The bishop of the diocese writes:

As your paper is widely circulated in my diocese, will you allow me a little space for the

purpose of telling my people why I am not now at work in the midst of them?

On the 2d of November I set out in full health to enter on a six months' visitation. On the 23d I reached a malarious region, where the scarcely-departed pestilence was still poisoning the atmosphere, and there my progress was arrested by a continuous attack of chills and fevers. After vainly contending with my disease for twelve days I was forced, by the urgency of friends and physicians, to give up all hope of work for the present, and seek the nursing care of my family. I am thankful in being able to say that since my return my disease has pretty well left me, but has taken away with it both strength and appetite, and all ability to labor. When I shall get upon the road again God only knows. The attempt will be made as soon as prudence shall justify it. My people must accept my prayers in place of my bodily presence, until it shall please God that we meet again.

All communications addressed to me should be sent to this place until further ordered.

Yours in the love and labors of Christ,

W. M. GREEN,

Bishop of Mississippi.

Sewanee, Tenn., December 21st, 1878.

TENNESSEE.

CHATTANOOGA—*St. Paul's Church.*—On the Third Sunday in Advent the bishop of the diocese visited this church, the Rev. H. H. Sneed, rector. In the morning he baptized two children, and delivered a sermon in memory of those members of the parish who died of yellow-fever. In the afternoon he confirmed one person, and baptized one child in private. In the evening he preached and confirmed nine persons.

ILLINOIS.

CHICAGO.—The "notes of preparation" bespeak the eve of Christmas, and diocesan life here as elsewhere is very profuse in the expression of its devotion to the more secular phases of the festival; though none the less do devout hearts count the hours till Christ shall be born again to faith and love, and the Prince of Peace begin His reign.

There is no longer any fine for observing Christmas, and our neighbors on every side are decorating and rehearsing for their forms of celebrating the day. The time which should find the Christian world at one is lamentably suggestive of the discord and disunion which prevail. It will not seem out of place, therefore, that a Christmas letter should note the differences which appear all too plainly. It is well to discern the signs of the times.

At a gathering of the Baptist ministers of Chicago and vicinity on Monday last, the Rev. Dr. Everts, for twenty years in charge of the leading society of the city, and a prominent man in his denomination, delivered an address on "Theories of the Church." He considered, first of all, the papal idea, to which he offered the ordinary objections. The second theory discussed was the "common Protestant theory." This, the doctor claimed, was wrong, because "it had no order, no form. It simply said, 'We are Christians.'" He furthermore affirmed that the system was calculated to bring about disorder and strife. It was "anything you please. It offered a premium for strife by admitting that Lutherans, Methodists, etc., were all right. Who could believe that Christ approves of so many different Churches?"

The third theory he mentioned was "the superiority of the Baptist Church." This Church, Dr. Everts declared, formulates but one specific theory, and not forty, like the Protestant theory. They had just such a Church as Christ designed, was a subsequent statement. Theirs was the true theory based upon the New Testament, and the others were all false. Hence, such was the deduction, all sects are to be united on the Baptist plan, if at all. "The essential Church of Christ is the one formulated by specific ordinances," was yet another of his utterances. If this dogmatic claim was greeted with disapproval, the record does not show it. The speaker may have taken this "high" ground in view of the "schism" in regard to "open communion" that disturbs the quiet of his denomination. Such declarations seem to be regarded as pieces of harmless rhetoric by the average observer; but, if so be a Churchman ventures to affirm that the Church of his love is the proper basis for uniting the various bodies of believers, he is "everywhere spoken against," and is rated as a breaker of the peace.

I notice that Bishop Vail's book on "Christian Unity" was read with "roars of laughter" by the reviewer on a leading denominational paper. But Dr. Everts may freely speak, and no convulsive hilarity reign in the editorial room.

In a recent meeting of the Methodist ministers of the city the name of "Hymnal," as applied to the collection used in their congregations, excited the displeasure of a widely-known preacher, who declared that there was too much "Protestant Episcopalianism" among them.

Professor Swing, whose trial by the Presbyterians issued in his "setting up for himself," and freeing himself from all ecclesiastical ties, gave his hearers a sermon on Sunday concerning benevolence. His allusion to Christmas, so near at hand, was to the effect that "Christmas is the day set apart for the worship of others," and that the day "draws almost all its moral charm from the fact that no one thinks of himself." No hint at the surpassing glory of the Incarnation which, as at this time, filled the earth. No lifting up of the heart to the plane of our Lord's life. Only this humanitarianism, which touches very lightly the stupendous fact of the Word made flesh, and deals chiefly with the material and social aspects of the season of the Nativity. The great congregation who receive their spiritual nutriment at the hands of Professor Swing were sent away "empty," so far as concerns the chief lesson of these hours which repeat to us the story of Bethlehem.—*From a correspondent, under date of December 24th*, 1878.

QUINCY.

THE BISHOP'S VISIT TO NASHOTAH.—The bishop of the diocese writes of Nashotah and his visit there at a meeting of the trustees of the school, December 4th, 5th, and 6th:

I have made my first visit to this beautiful spot. I do not wonder at the delighted selection of this locality by the young missionaries who came here in 1841. I meet with surprises at every turn. The level prairies are here broken, and the lakes are exceedingly attractive.

The board held long and well-filled sessions during parts of three days. Some of the trustees were new and had much to learn of the history and ways of Nashotah school. All are deeply interested.

By a change in the charter their number has been increased. Fifteen must be on the board. Thirty-five may be chosen. Sixteen is the number of trustees for the present year. Of these ten are bishops residing in the Northwest.

The preparatory department of the school has been closed. Nashotah is now strictly and only a theological seminary. The students, all in the course of preparation for Holy Orders, now number twenty four.

This school is located indeed in the Diocese of Wisconsin, yet is noways diocesan, but general. It fairly asks the interest and gifts of the Church in all parts of the country. But one chair is endowed—"the Peter Hubbell Professorship of Pastoral Theology." This is occupied by the honored president, Dr. Cole. The other instructors and the scholars depend upon free offerings of the Church at large. For years past their "daily bread" has come daily in the mails. Lately it has been quite insufficient. Debt is the result.

A bright, hopeful trust laid foundations here. Walls have been builded by warm and prompt hands, reached out from all parts of the country. Surely there is enough of loving and patient faith in the Church to take hearty hold, and, lifting the burden of debt, to cast it away once and for always.

Nashotah has kept so far the confidence of the Church. The bishops and other trustees are determined to retain it. Economy is still to rule. The exact Word and Faith of the Lord Jesus will be taught. Devotion and single earnestness to His cause will be the aim in all the theological training. Such is the pledge of the late meeting.

The Lord points out the need of a general seminary in the Northwest. Let the Church provide such a seminary, with no particular stamp of Churchmanship, but with the Catholic seal. Here at Nashotah is a healthful and beautiful locality. Here are improved grounds and convenient and sufficient buildings. Here is a tradition of nearly forty years. Not a few of the best educated and most zealous of our clergy have grateful memories of this place of their own preparation for the ministry. The name Nashotah has been familiar to a whole generation. It will be comparatively easy now to sustain the old and to build the new when needed.

The Gospel of our blessed Redeemer lacks preachers. The altars of His Church want ministers. The flock, too far scattered, too sadly neglected, must have pastors. The command, "Go out into the highways and hedges," is but feebly obeyed, for missionaries are few. Let the devout and fervent of the Church pray, but be bountiful also in alms, and the Lord of the harvest will provide laborers.

May not Nashotah hope for "daily bread" more abundant than during the last six years, yes, for such endowment as shall relieve professors and trustees in the present strait and from future anxiety?

MISSOURI.

APPLICATIONS TO THE BISHOP.—The bishop has within three weeks past been applied to in three different quarters for amounts ranging from $300 to $1,000 for gift, or loan amounting to a gift, from some supposed trust funds in his hands, or to be procured from some benevolent individual or well-to-do person. He has been unable to respond favorably. It will be seen from his trust funds accounts for several years past that so far from having any balance of this kind in his hands, the balance has been on the other side to the extent of several hundred dollars. A few hundred dollars a year are entrusted to him in this way, which has to be dispensed with an anxious economy, but only a little in any one place. And as for special applications, whether it be to secure positions as clerks and such like, or to solicit money for special objects, he confesses not to have the time for it, or any likelihood of success in case he should try. What with parochial obligation and the regular diocesan work, which would be perilled by extraordinary calls, those who are disposed to give have very little ability or disposition to go beyond. In a recent effort made by a clergyman of the diocese, of his own motion, in this city for a very good object, $27 was collected in ten days, and the expense of the trip was $14.—*St. Louis Church News for December.*

ORDINATION.—On Monday, December 16th, 1878, in Trinity church, St. Louis, the bishop advanced to the priesthood the Rev. J. G. Lawrence, chaplain of St. Luke's hospital, and minister of St. James's church, Ellisville. The candidate was presented by the rector of the parish, the Rev. G. C. Betts; the litany was said by the Rev. Mr. Holland. The bishop preached, and the following clergymen were present and took part in the services: the Rev. Drs. Schuyler, Ingraham, and Gierlow, and Messrs. Robert, Chestnutt, Jardine, and Thompson.

ST. LOUIS—*Church of the Holy Communion.*—This church is soon to have a larger organ, made by Gratian and Alton, which will fill the north transept of the church.

IOWA.

EMBER CONVOCATION OF THE DIOCESE.—On Wednesday, December 18th, the Northern Convocation met in Grace church, Cedar Rapids. Through the forethought of the rector (the Rev. Samuel Ringgold) invitations had been extended to the clergy throughout the diocese, and the bishop and twenty clergymen were in attendance, and the convocation was memorable for its management and success. The hospitality extended by the Churchmen of Cedar Rapids was unbounded. The congregations were good. The interest was maintained during the three days of service, and liberal offerings for the mission work were made at every public gathering. The board of missions of the diocese met at the same time, and advantage was taken of the large attendance of clergymen to secure a meeting of the Eastern Convocation as well as the Northern.

The public services were opened with the administration of the Holy Communion on Wednesday morning by the bishop, who also made an address suited to the season and the occasion of the gathering. In the afternoon the clergy met at the parish rooms—a pleasant suite of rooms provided in the centre of the city through the liberality of Mr. S. C. Bever—and, in connection with a meeting of the diocesan board of missions, discussed mission plans and means. In the evening the bishop delivered a missionary sermon.

On Thursday morning, after prayers, addresses on practical holiness were made by the Rev. Messrs. Kellogg, of Davenport; Gregg, of Burlington; and Trimble, of Clinton. In the afternoon the clergy, at the parish rooms, discussed "Missions and Convocations"; and in the evening, before the Woman's Auxiliary Missionary Society, addresses were made by the Rev. Mr. Seymour, of Dubuque; the Rev. Canon Silvester, of Davenport, and the bishop. After the public meeting the bishop and Canon Silvester met the ladies of the woman's auxiliary at the rectory for the consideration of plans for extending the work of this important organization throughout the diocese.

On Friday morning, after prayers, addresses in harmony with the season were made by the Rev. Mr. Bird, of Iowa City; the Rev. Dr. Kemp of Independence; and the Rev. Mr. Judd, of Brooklyn.

At the convocational meeting the Rev. Dr. Kemp was nominated by the bishop as Dean of the Northern Convocation, and the Rev. Mr. Judd as Dean of the Eastern Convocation. These nominations were unanimously confirmed by the board of missions.

MICHIGAN.

DETROIT—*St. Mary's Mission.*—The new chapel of this mission has been formally opened, a number of the city clergy taking part in the service.

PONTIAC—*Zion Church.*—During the three and a half years that the Rev. Richard Brass was rector of this church he held 512 services, delivered 497 sermons and lectures, baptized 12 adults and 68 children, presented 56 persons for confirmation, and officiated at 17 marriages and 34 burials.

WISCONSIN.

BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS.—The bishop has made the following appointments for services and visitations. He would be pleased that arrangements should be made at every morning service, on Sunday, or holy day, for the celebration of Holy Communion, and he will always be glad to catechise the children of the Sunday or parish school.

JANUARY.

5, Second Sunday after Christmas, La Crosse.
6 Monday, Galesville.
12, First Sunday after Epiphany, Maiden Rock.
19, Second Sunday after Epiphany, Delavan.
21-23 Milwaukee Convocation, Kenosha.
24, Friday, Wilmot.
26, Third Sunday after Epiphany, morning, Elkhorn; afternoon, Springfield; evening, Geneva.
27, Monday, 2 P. M., Bloomfield.
28, Tuesday, Staron.
29, Wednesday, Beloit.

FEBRUARY.

4, Janesville.
6, Madison Convocation.
9, Septuagesima Sunday, Nellsville.
10-14, La Crosse Convocation.
16, Sexagesima Sunday, Black River Falls.
17, Monday, Eau Claire.
18, Tuesday, Chippewa Falls.
19, Wednesday, Menomonee.
20, Thursday, Baldwin.
21, Friday, Hudson.
23, Quinquagesima Richmond; Star Prairie.
24, Monday, River Falls.
25, Tuesday, Prescott.
26, Ash Wednesday, Trenton.
27, Thursday, Ellsworth.

CATHEDRAL CHAPTER.—The Rev. Dr. Keen and the Rev. Mr. Tuttle having declined to serve as associate canons, the cathedral chapter has put on record its expression of great regret at their declinations, asking them to reconsider their action and take part in the work of the chapter.

FOND DU LAC.

ANNAPEE—*Opening of a New Church.*—Twelve months ago the bishop of the diocese made a visitation of the peninsula, which includes the counties of Door and Kemaunee, where the services of the Church had not been held before. Now the faithful missionary (the Rev. Francis Moore) reports that he has thirty-three communicants, and that on Sunday, November 24th, 1878, the first services were held in a new church building.

The church is of brick, gothic in style, after plans by the late Mr. Upjohn. It stands on a bluff commanding a fine view of Lake Michigan. It has cost over $1,400, all of which has been raised in the town and neighborhood, and without resorting to fairs, tableaux, or any similar means. When the next fifty dollars are raised which will pay all indebtedness on the building and lot, the mission will be organized, and the church conveyed to the trustees of the diocese and consecrated.

OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

PORTLAND—*The Proposed New Chapel.*—A correspondent writes as follows regarding the new chapel for St. Helen's Hall, previously described in THE CHURCHMAN:

The design is an excellent one, and the building will be in every way attractive to the eye, and a pleasing addition to the beautiful cluster of buildings known as St. Helen's Hall.

By using the present stained glass windows of St. Stephen's chapel, and its excellent chancel furniture, etc., it is thought the new chapel can be erected for about $3,000. At the meeting held recently half a dozen subscription books were prepared and given out to as many earnest helpers in the work. Sixteen hundred dollars were subscribed by those present, and it was thought that if the same liberality was shown by the other members of the congregation, the whole amount required could easily be raised. I understand that it is not proposed to make any appeal to our Eastern friends for aid in the erection of the chapel itself, but that gifts for the remaining windows needed will not be refused. One chancel window will still be needed, four side windows, and one wheel window for the west end. A liberal friend of the enterprise has already taken one of these spaces for a memorial window. Are there not some of the readers of THE CHURCHMAN who would like to aid this work by supplying others for the same purpose?

This chapel will be the daily place of worship for a large girls' school, and it is most desirable that it should be church-like and beautiful. Nothing is more needed in this country than a spirit of reverence for sacred things, and right views about the worship of God. These girls, who are yet to exercise so much influence in their homes, in the society about them, come, many of them, from remote places, where the common decencies of Christian worship are shockingly violated. A Church school has much to do in setting the example of reverential and becoming worship, and of training these young girls in the principles and habits of devout and real worship. A proper and well appointed chapel is an invaluable agency—a very necessity—in such an undertaking.

So we venture to suggest to the friends of true Christian education that here is an opportunity to render help to this work in a very interesting way. The memorial of a virtuous woman, mother or daughter, whose price is above rubies, could be placed nowhere with more propriety, or with more promise of usefulness, than in such a chapel as this. Here a hundred girls and more come daily to seek for that heavenly wisdom and those heavenly virtues whereby alone they can become followers of the blessed saints of Christ's mystical body; and here the memorials of those who have gone on before may be most fitly placed.

Bishop Scott Grammar School.—This school is prospering in its new building and under its new head-master, Mr. Joseph Hill. There are between fifty and sixty pupils, thirteen of them boarders. The new building is superior in many respects to the former, and is justly admired for its architectural proportions and finish. The corner-stone was laid on the 6th of June, 1878, and on the 3d of September the building was occupied by the school. The fire which consumed the former building, with all its furniture and appliances, occurred on one of the nights of November, 1877. On the anniversary of that night, in last November, the annual convocation was sitting in Portland, and Bishop Morris gave notice that the building was finished and furnished, and that within the last twenty four hours he had received a Portland contribution of $500 that enabled him to say that it was entirely paid for. This has been done at an expenditure of $20,000.

This institution now stands with its new and commodious building, fairly furnished, and with its four beautiful blocks of ground, all free from debt.

During the past year a loan of $2,000, which the school had carried for some time, has been paid off, and the endowment fund of $10,000 has not only been undisturbed, but somewhat increased. This important educational work may thus be considered to be in a promising condition, though much is yet needed to make it all that is desired and intended.

MARRIED.

At St. Luke's church, Waterloo, Quebec, on the 18th of December, by the Rev. F. Robinson, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Venerable Archdeacon Lindsay, GEORGE H CHANDLER, Lecturer in Mathematics, McGill College, Montreal, to EMMELINE, daughter of the late Dr. J. C. Butler.

In St. Andrew's church, West Meriden, Ct., Thursday, Dec. 26th, by the Rev. Giles I. Deshon, D.D., assisted by the Rev Frederic W Harriman, WALTER THORPE BABCOCK, of Boston, to FREDERICA CORINNE BRECKENRIDGE, of West Meriden, Ct.

DIED.

Released from the pain and sorrow of life, ANNA BURFITT JERDONE, widow of the late Francis Jerdone, of "Sterling Castle," Charles City Co., Va., December 18th, 1878.

On Saturday, December 28th, 1878, the Rev. FREDERIC W. BEASLEY, D.D., rector of All Saints' church, Lower Dublin, and Christ chapel, Oak Grove, Pa.

December 25th, 1878, at Fort Worth, Texas, HADIE B. wife of Lieut. Levi P. Hunt, U. S. A., and daughter of the late Rev. Norman Badger.

Entered into rest, on the Fourth Sunday in Advent, at the Seminary, Oconomowoc, Wis., MRS ELSIE STANTON CROSWELL JONES, in the 77th year of her age. "Let her own works praise her in the gates."

Entered into rest, at Worcester, Mass., on December 2d, CAROLINE CLINTON, wife of Charles L. Nichols, M.D., and eldest daughter of Judge Francis H. Dewey, aged 24 years.

Entered into rest, CLARA BOYKIN, wife of Frank Boykin, and eldest daughter of B. H. Micou, of Montgomery, Ala., 16th December, 1878.

In Ogden, Ia., on Sunday, December 8th, 1878, of apoplexy, the Rev. EBENEZER WILLIAMS, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

In New York City, on Wednesday, December 25th, 1878, the Rev. Uriah Scott, rector of the church of the Redemption, aged 58 years.

Entered into rest, early in the morning of Fourth Sunday in Advent, 1878, JOHN BURNHAM, of New Castle, Del.

OBITUARY.

Entered into rest, Sunday, December 15th, 1878, near Brenham, Texas, LINDSEY POWELL RUCKER, son of the Rev. L. P. and Mary W. Rucker, aged 25 years, 4 months, and 7 days.

The lamented subject of this notice was a candidate for holy orders; had pursued a classical course for more than three years at St. Stephen's, Annandale, N. Y.; returned last April, in a rapid decline, to suffer patiently and triumph signally; as the closing line of his favorite hymn, "Abide with me," was sung, with his last breath also sweetly singing the "Amen." Gentle, pure, and devout, from his youth desiring the work of the ministry, then earnestly longing to enter upon it, yet perfectly resigned to give up all and be with Christ, which is far better.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

For the "Home for the Destitute Blind," from one who is blind, $40. Christmas, 1878.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

$25 for University of the South, from "A friend in Baltimore." TELFAIR HODGSON, Dean.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

For Rockland, Me., with many thanks. A friend, Saco, Me., $1; F. N., New Haven, Conn, $25. Total, $26. WM. WALKER.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Please acknowledge the following contributions to St. Mark's Church for the Colored People at Sewanee, Tenn; Mr. Smith Morrison, Colorado, $1 00; "A. B. C.," New Haven, Conn., $25.

Yours respectfully, A. W. KNIGHT, Ch'n.
JNO GASS.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A meeting on behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico will be held at Calvary Church, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-first Street, on Sunday evening next, January 5th, at 7:30 o'clock. The Bishop of the Diocese will preside, and addresses will be made by the Rev. Dr. Gallaher, the Rev. Abbott Brown, and others.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE INCREASE OF THE MINISTRY

needs immediate contributions to enable it to fulfil its obligations to students in school and college.

We need $2,000 in the month of December. Will not the faithful friends of the Society, and those "whom God hath blessed" with abundance, give liberally to this important work?

Remittances and applications may be addressed to the Rev. H. W. SPALDING Corresponding Sec'y, or the Rev. F. D. HARRIMAN, 179 Seymour street, Hartford, Conn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

All "Letters to the Editor" will appear under the full signature of the writer.

THE EDUCATION OF COLORED CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The enclosed letter to the editor of THE CHURCHMAN has been submitted to my inspection, as "Chairman of the Committee on the Work among the Colored People of Washington," for my advice as to the propriety of offering it for publication in your columns.

I suppose that my qualifications to advise in such a matter are rather circumstantial than personal; but such as they are, they are these:

1. I came to Washington at the close of the war, in the summer of 1865, and found thirty thousand "freedmen" here, for whom the Church had made no provision whatever. I suppose that the "colored" people of the District of Columbia now number forty thousand or more.

2. Since 1867 I maintained, literally "by hook or by crook," a chapel for colored people in this parish—sometimes by lay-readers, sometimes by an assistant minister,—until the Rev. Dr. Crummell was called to this work by the Convocation of Washington, when I put the chapel at his disposal as a base of operations, a concession which he has most faithfully used.

3. As chairman of the Board of Examining Chaplains for the District of Columbia, I have had some experience of colored men as candidates for Holy Orders, and I think my brethren on that board, Drs. Paret and Addison, will sustain me in saying that our policy has been to be as easy with such candidates for the diaconate as the canons allow, and to make it as hard for such deacons to get into the priesthood as the canons fairly construed require.

With this personal explanation of my reason for speaking to this subject, I desire to say that I regard the (enclosed) letter of the Rev. Mr. Perry, of Baltimore, as a most timely and valuable contribution toward the solution of a very perplexing problem. And while I do not fully agree with him in all his points, I regard him as a man qualified in every respect to receive from this Church a most attentive audience on this subject.

I *ought* to know something about it if I do not; but I feel that Mr. Perry is my superior in such information. I merely add that Mr. Perry has not seen this letter of mine, and is in no sense responsible for it. I only received his manuscript this morning; and that without his knowledge. I am performing a delegated duty in thus writing; but I do it heartily. There is scarcely any question in my mind but that this is the gravest matter now requiring the attention of this Church. It is domestic missions, if there be any.

JOHN VAUGHAN LEWIS.

St. John's Parish, Washington, D. C., December 16th, 1878.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

The fact that for six years, as associate rector of Mount Calvary church, Baltimore, I have had special charge of a chapel for the colored people, now numbering about 300 communicants, may excuse my asking the use of your columns. Certain facts which are likely to be known to those only who are actually engaged in the work among colored people, strongly corroborate the excellent letter of the late secretary of Home Missions to Colored People, recently published in your columns.

There is, as your correspondent says, a sufficient number of institutions in the Church for the education of her clergy. Additional training schools and seminaries can only be established at great cost to the Church, which could be better employed in perfecting those already in operation. Moreover, it is impossible that any training schools established for the education of colored students exclusively should possess the advantages of seminaries long established, having able corps of professors, large libraries, or endowments.

At present colored men are ordained to the priesthood who have received few of the advantages of other candidates for Holy Orders. They go to minister among congregations of a people who are but too much inclined to suspect them of being unqualified to teach them. They fail to gain confidence and respect. Isolated to a great extent from their brethren, with little moral support from the Church, they are discouraged and seek secular pursuits, or, unable to retain their charge, become a sort of ecclesiastical "tramp," picking up a living as best they can. Then it is argued that colored clergy cannot succeed. The fault is in the Church, not in the colored people.

Colored candidates for Holy Orders, more than any others, need to be so trained for the ministry that there is no room for their future congregations to doubt their capability of being their teachers and guides. For many reasons they should also be educated with other candidates. At no other time will they be so likely to form those ties of mutual confidence and sympathy with their brethren of the clergy which they will so sorely need in after years. The standard of scholarship in the class-room, instead of being the highest among those only who have labored under every disadvantage, and have long been taught to regard themselves as inferior, will be that of the brightest young minds of the Church, many of them trained in the best colleges of the land. The result of this will be on the one hand to awaken a proper emulation and desire to excel. On the other hand it will check that self-complacency or haughtiness (to call it by no worse names) which must always be a common fault among those who, selected from a people mostly illiterate, are raised far above them in tastes and acquirements, while they seldom associate with equals or superiors with whom they can measure themselves.

The necessity for founding special schools for them cannot arise from the unwillingness of many, at least, of the seminaries to receive them. When at the Philadelphia Divinity School, sitting in the same class-room with a colored student, I remember no unpleasant feeling in regard to it among students or professors. A zealous layman recently spoke to me of the pleasure with which he met at the bishop's residence, at a reception of the students of the Divinity School, a negro graduate, no less marked for ease, modesty, and politeness of manner, than for receiving, on the occasion, that courtesy and kindness from the Bishop of Pennsylvania which the latter so well understands extending to his guests.

In the General Seminary in New York, a student, after passing an unusually satisfactory examination for full literary qualifications before the examiners in Maryland, has been received by professors and students alike with every mark of kindness and cordial welcome. He is said neither in the class-room nor at the commons to seem at any disadvantage as to courtesy—"either subjectively or objectively." On the contrary, the students of the seminary have formally expressed a wish that the trustees should make it known that colored students will be as cordially welcomed as any others, and that there is therefore no need of establishing "class institutions." It is but just to add that the leaders in this friendly action were candidates from Southern dioceses. A trustee of Alexandria Seminary, and one of still higher authority in Faribault, have assured me that these institutions would take the same course. Although the question has not, I believe, been yet determined at Nashotah, surely that catholic-hearted and missionary institution can give but one reply.

I know that many bishops and clergy of our Church—and notably those of the South—take this same view of the subject. The Rt. Rev. the Bishop of Rhode Island (the letter is quoted with his permission) recently wrote me that he "hoped the time had gone by for any such exclusion," and adds: "I have been thinking how it [such exclusion] would have struck the ears of some thirty archbishops and bishops with whom I once dined at Lambeth Palace, and on which occasion a full-blooded African bishop was an honored guest."

If teachers, catechists, or perpetual deacons be needed for immediate demands, let them be trained in institutions specially adapted to the purpose, just such as that at Raleigh seems to be. But let those, *and only those*, who possess the requisite qualifications for the priesthood be sent to the institutions "where the old Church has made provision for those who would serve at her altars." Let them be fully equipped before they are sent forth to fight the good fight. No longer will the question then be raised: "Can colored clergy succeed in work among their people?"

CALBRAITH B. PERRY.

Baltimore, Advent, 1878.

SLAUGHTER OF ADIRONDACK DEER.

To the Editor of THE CHURCHMAN:

So the noble work goes bravely on! I knew something of the anti-legal extermination of this beautiful creature of the wilderness; but an article in the Boston *Post*, copied from the Utica *Herald*, opens my eyes to terrible facts, and I must open my mouth (by aid of the pen) upon the subject. The article says:

"Few people are aware to what extent deer are slaughtered in the Adirondack wilderness during the fall months by the use of dogs, and in complete defiance of the game laws, which strictly prohibit the pursuit of deer with dogs at any time. When the sportsmen and tourists generally have left the woods at the end of the season, the guides, many of the hotel-keepers and hunters from all around the borders of the wilderness who can muster a hound, resort to the woods, until almost every lake, pond, and stream in the Adirondacks has its hunters, each with a pack of hounds, varying from two to fifteen dogs. Of all modes of hunting this is the most destructive in a region abounding in small lakes, like the great wilderness of Northern New York. A deer always takes to the water when closely pursued by dogs, and as almost every lake and river has its watchers, scarcely a deer escapes. It is a very moderate estimate to say that thousands of deer have been killed already this fall, and still the slaughter goes on. I have known some parties to kill from six to ten deer a day. There are over 600 lakes in the Adirondack wilderness, and at least two thirds of them are occupied by hunters. Allowing one deer killed at each lake every day, which is but a small estimate, 400 deer have been killed daily during the fall months of this year."

If the above be but half true, the truth is in this case revolting to those who *love* the Adirondacks and to all humane persons. Another and common way to *murder* deer is to hunt them in late winter, when the hunter goes on snow-shoes and the deer break through the crust and are easily slaughtered. It is called "crust-hunting" and "crust-hunters."

What can be done? Several New York clergymen (like the Revs. W. A. Leonard and W. H. De L. Grannis), and many prominent laymen who are interested in the charming region and its treasures ought to write strongly upon the evil and seek to have stringent laws made at Albany; persons appointed to prosecute the miscreants; the governor urged to *execute* the game laws at all hazards. Deer cannot well be replaced, while restocking with trout is comparatively easy. When

that "enchanted land" (I speak soberly) is depleted of deer and it is "too late," then there will be an outcry on the folly of man in allowing such a thing to happen. But happen it will unless some of us do more than cry "stop thief," and both catch him and stop the crime. W. C. Winslow.

Boston.

PUNCTUATION AND DIVISION OF BIBLE TEXTS.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

In reading the article in The Churchman of the 14th of December on the "Revision of Chapters and Verses," I recall an instance of what I have always considered an incorrect punctuation and division, conveying a most erroneous interpretation of the text. I refer to the 24th and 25th verses of the thirteenth chapter of St. Luke. It has always appeared to me as entirely opposed to the intention of our Lord in the reply He makes to the question addressed to Him—"Are there few that be saved?"—to convey the idea that "many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able," but rather that many shall put off striving and seeking until their day of grace is past; and that the reading should be: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able, when once the Master of the house is risen up and hath shut to the door; and ye begin to stand without [when too late]: and to knock at the [closed] door, saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us; and He shall answer and say unto you, I know you not whence ye are."

And again, in the eighth chapter of Romans, I think the reading of the 20th and 21st verses should be: "For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath subjected the same; in hope [ὅτι] *that* the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

I should be glad to see the views of some one better instructed in the Scriptures than I am on these two passages. A. F. Sabine.

December 15th, 1878.

"THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN."

To the Editor of The Churchman:

"He judged [protected] the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him: was not this to know Me? saith the Lord." Thus spoke Jeremiah more than two thousand years ago, and the burden of that stirring appeal the Church tells out in ringing tones at Christmas and Epiphany.

The columns of your paper of November 30th and December 21st bring home this duty in a very plain way, both in the statement of Bishop Lay and in that of the Rev. Mr. Spalding—the duty, staring us full in the face, we owe to the widows and orphans of the clergy, and to those among the living who are infirm and disabled.

I beg the readers of your paper that they will take the suggestions offered in the issue of December 21st into consideration. One dollar a month from a thousand parishes laid aside from the offerings (of which the rector has control) and contributed to the Treasurer of the Board of Trustees for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of Deceased Clergymen, and of Aged, Infirm, and Disabled Clergymen (William Alexander Smith, Esq., 40 Wall Street, New York), will start the movement in a simple, legal, and systematic method. The gentleman mentioned in both these appeals is the appointed and authorized agent, and the clergy have it in their power to carry out this happy suggestion. They owe it to themselves and their families, and in fact to the Church itself (for it is in vain to appeal for men and money to increase the ministry with so drear a prospect for old age and infirmity), to lead off in this matter. Let it be distinctly understood that one dollar a month from all the parishes that can afford it is the minimum with which to start.

It will make the Christmas of 1878 live bright and fresh and green in the memory of more than one laborer in the vineyard whose days of active service are drawing to a close if these suggestions are acted upon. As I sit in my comfortable study, my heart goes out in brotherly sympathy for more than one who could a tale unfold if need be. The very ones who are the most needy are those whose noble natures will shrink from publicity; they suffer and make no sign.

I will not argue the case. It is too plain and urgent to need argument. In this paper I will present no piteous tale of want.

Let it be hoped that the necessity for these recitals will be spared. But they will come fast enough if no heed be taken.

Benjamin J. Douglass.

Georgetown, Del., Christmas-eve, 1878.

THE NECESSITY OF SERMONS.

To the Editor of The Churchman:

Some time ago, among your correspondence appeared a striking article on "Sermons" as an *essential* in our worship.

It is inspiring and refreshing to find one man of ability among our ranks to speak out boldly and with no uncertain sound in favor of the *necessity* of sermons to the spiritual welfare of the people. In the light of the fact that our Saviour himself preached continually and enjoined upon His apostles to "preach the Gospel to every creature," the arguments held forth against sermons and in favor of the service alone, are quite astonishing. Is it not really due to this insidious sophistry that our clergy, as a class, have so greatly, within a comparatively short period of time, lost their intellectual power, and indeed their spiritual vitality?

Morristown. J. K. Colles.

NEW BOOKS.

Catholicity in its Relationship to Protestantism and Romanism. Being Six Conferences delivered at Newark, N. J., at the Request of Leading Laymen of that city. By the Rev. F. C. Ewer, S.T.D. [New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1878.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 296.

There is much in this volume that can be heartily commended. The marvellous power of language, and the rare eloquence which the author possesses, the impassioned bursts of almost poetical rhapsody which now and then mark his style, and, above all, the earnestness and self-evincing honesty of the man, and the boldness with which he says what he believes, no one can fail to recognize, and, we may add, admire.

At the same time he is in several things open to criticism. We pass by what might strike some the most unfavorably of all, namely, his strong condemnation of Protestantism. For it will be evident to any one who reads his book carefully that he understands that word, as he does the term Catholic, in a way of his own. We might quote any number of passages from these pages which bear convincing witness that, in regard to what he deems error, and especially in regard to the errors of Rome, he is thoroughly Protestant. In temper and tone, in fearless denunciation, he is as bold as Luther. We doubt not that, had he lived in the days of Cranmer and Ridley, he would have been numbered among the protesting martyrs. As it is, the Church of Rome has received no harder blows than those dealt by him in these pages. The logic whereby he proves the absurdity of the dogma of infallibility is invincible. The clearness with which he shows that the Bishop of Rome has placed himself out of communion with the Catholic Church" leaves nothing to be said on that point.

The ground for questioning his statements is to be found in his definition of the Catholic Faith rather than in what he says about Protestantism. Possibly in this portion of his volume also he uses words somewhat loosely, and has sacrificed accuracy of terms to boldness.

He represents the Church as "the body mystical of God on earth, out into which His body natural has without break or fissure expanded." Speaking of the clause of the Nicene Creed wherein we profess our belief in the fact of the Ascension, and beginning, let it be observed, with a "negation" as decided as any to be found in the whole realm of Protestant theology, he says that this clause is not to be understood "astronomically," but as referring to ascent in the highest moral and spiritual elevation, even into the condition and lofty spiritual companionship of the Most High." If we remember correctly, we have heard words very much like these from some of the advanced thinkers of the sects. They likewise deny that the Ascension was anything more than a subjective spiritual change.

Farther on we find the following:

> The Divine ingenuity, in the fulness of time, found out a way by which His (Christ's) body natural could expand without break or fissure into His body mystical, the Catholic Church, and fill the whole earth. The natural and the mystical forms of His body of human matter are but two consecutive visible conditions of that body—*the one local, the other universal;* its natural condition disappearing on Olivet, only that the mystical condition might thenceforward alone be visible and tangible on earth. Natural bodies expand from infancy to childhood, to youth, to manhood, by natural law. *God's human body* then continued to expand, but by supernatural law.

The italics, it should be said, are ours, not the author's. Overlooking the fact that "God's human body" is a term unknown in sound theology, we would call attention to this one point: Scripture plainly asserts that Christ ascended "astronomically." He was "parted from" His disciples, and "received up into heaven." And the idea that the historical fact thus described meant no more than that the natural was replaced by a mystical body, that His flesh has expanded into the Church, as an infant develops into a man, is to deny that there is now a Son of Man. The unity of the baptized in Christ, their closeness of identity with Him, is a Catholic truth, and one very precious. But to deny that the ascended body of our Lord is no longer in a "*local*" condition, or to assert that it has expanded so as to "fill the whole earth," and therefore is measured by the earth's circumference, is a most dangerous Protestant heresy.

We presume that the words we have quoted may be interpreted in some other way. We are obliged, however, to take the meaning which they evidently convey. What we especially object to is not any affirmation of the mystical union of Christ and His members, but the dangerous negations—the protest which the author makes against an essential part of the Catholic doctrine of the Ascension.

The History of the Christian Church during the First Ten Centuries, From its Foundation to the Full Establishment of the Holy Roman Empire and the Papal Power. By Philip Smith, B.A., Author of "The Student's New Testament History," etc. [New York: Harper & Brothers. 1878.] 12mo, pp. 678.

This is a creditable work, coming as it does from a layman who does not pretend to have founded it on original research. It covers a period of great interest to all Christians, and one particularly important to be well informed upon in these days, in which many of the schisms and heresies of olden times revived have so large a place in Protestant Christendom. Mr. Smith is sufficiently well known as a writer to furnish a tolerable guarantee of his carefulness and fidelity in compiling the present volume of "The Student's Series." We have examined the work somewhat at large, and are satisfied that, in general, it will fill a place not as yet occupied by any work treating of

this subject in a single volume of reasonable size. Of course, for the purposes of students and those who desire to be thoroughly acquainted with early Church history, the larger works of Robertson, Rose's Neander, Gieseler, Burton, Neale, etc., must be used, as well as the old historians in the originals.

Mr. Smith is very frank in admitting that his work is a compilation. It is in fact quite too much so; and as he relies very largely on Dr. Schaff (the Union Theological professor in this city) in points relating to the "Apostolic Succession" and the original constitution of the Church, this part of his volume is not such as will be acceptable to sound Churchmen. He quotes page after page from Dr. Schaff's "History of the Christian Church," which he terms "exhaustive and admirable"; and he evidently regards him as unquestioned and unquestionable authority. Apart, however, from here and there objectionable portions, Mr. Smith's book presents a very readable account of the first ten centuries of the Christian era. There are numerous and good illustrations, which form a pleasing and useful feature of the volume.

ALL AROUND THE HOUSE; or, How to Make Homes Happy. By Mrs. H.W. Beecher, Author of "Monthly Talks," etc. [New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.] 12mo, cloth, pp. 461.

This book treats of domestic affairs generally. It contains, it is true, an abundance of receipts for cooking and for removing stains. But beyond these it furnishes advice—and very wise advice too—concerning other difficulties, those, for example, connected with the management of servants, house-cleaning, the furnishing of a home, marketing, and nearly everything else that concerns the household.

It is emphatically a helpful book, one of the best we have seen. The counsel is such as can be easily followed, and many a young wife and mother would find in its pages an ample dowry—something more valuable than furniture, or a rich *trousseau*, or the mere utensils of a home.

ANALYTICAL NOTES ON OBADIAH AND HABAKKUK. For the Use of Hebrew Students. By the Rev. William Randolph, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge [London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. New York: Pott, Young & Co. 1878.] 8vo, cloth, pp. 59. Price $2.75.

This commentary deals almost entirely with textual exegeses. The peculiarities in the use of words, their position, and in the construction of sentences, are pointed out with more thoroughness than will be found in ordinary works of its kind. The parallelism so manifest in Hebrew poetry is here laid down as a law of the Hebrew mind as well. The writings of these two prophets are taken as an exhibition of this law. The book deserves attention from all Hebrew scholars.

LITTLE NEIGHBORS. By Emily Huntington Miller, Author of "Captain Fritz, his Friends and his Adventures," etc. [New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.]

A story for young children, written in Miss Miller's usual happy manner, of several little people who meet with all sorts of friends and all kinds of adventures in a happy summer in the country. The book is profusely adorned with illustrations, many of them very fine. The whole will favorably compare with the holiday books that have been issued in former years by this house, now deservedly famous for its fine children's books. The book is, of course, handsomely bound and printed.

ENGLISH LITERATURE PRIMERS, CLASSICAL PERIOD. By Eugene Lawrence. [New York: Harper & Brothers. 1878.] 32mo, paper, pp. 143. Price 25 cents.

This volume of the "Half-Hour Series," gives a sketch of the principal English writers from the time of Milton down to the death of Samuel Johnson. Of course, it presents only leading facts, and the chief traits, but as a "primer" it will serve a most useful purpose.

LITERATURE.

THE "Kitchen Garden Manual," which has been mentioned in THE CHURCHMAN, is in print and for sale. It can be obtained at No. 125 St. Mark's place. Price $5.

A USEFUL encyclopedia has recently been published by Messrs Cassell, Petter & Galpin, under the title of "Domestic Dictionary." It contains much information regarding everyday matters.

DURING the coming year the *Literary World* will contain a series of "Short Studies of American Authors," by Mr. T. W. Higginson. The papers will be both critical and descriptive.

THE price of that superb work, "American Painters," published by D. Appleton & Co., advertised in THE CHURCHMAN, December 21st, as $3.00. should have been cloth, extra gilt, $7.00; full morocco, $13.00.

ONE of the latest English fashions is the giving of birthday books, which are largely made up of poetical selections. Among others noted in the journals is a "Longfellow Birthday Book" and a "Byron Birthday Book."

A PAMPHLET of fifteen pages, entitled "The Cathedral and College at Davenport," has been published by the Bishop of Iowa. Besides a description of the cathedral and the college, it contains a part of an editorial from the London *Church Bells*, referring to Bishop Perry's cathedral scheme and statistics of the Diocese of Iowa.

THE Springfield (Mass.) *Republican* exhibits a scrupulous regard for the rights of other publications, which excites the utmost admiration; but it occasionally displays an unaffected obliviousness of well-known facts which arouses a feeling not quite so serious, as for example, in its issue of December 28th, 1878, where it prints the Apostles' Creed, under the head of "Creed and Conduct," and credits it to "The Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book"!

THE London *Athenaeum* says: The Imperial-Royal printing-office at Vienna has just published a splendid and useful book on the alphabets of all times and all nations, with the title of "Das Buch der Schrift enthaltend die Schriften und Alphabete aller Zeiten und aller Völker des gesammten Erdkreises." The author, Prof. Carl Faulmann, has added to each alphabet a short historical description, omitting all discussion. His book has a special value, as it gives the latest current characters of the various nations as well as the astronomical and mathematical signs, and adds a table of abbreviations (naturally not exhaustive) to be found in inscriptions and manuscripts. There is also a special chapter on the various methods of stenography.

IN a recent work the Rev. John Price, M.A., vicar of Bangor, England, examines with much care the various hypotheses which have been entertained with regard to the origin of the ancient British Church. Of the ten different agencies by which Christianity is said by legendary tradition to have been introduced to Britain in the first century, such as St. Paul, St. Peter, Joseph of Arimathea, and others, all are here rejected, although ample historical evidence is adduced to prove that Christianity had been introduced and a regular Church had been established in the second century. The organization of the old British Church, as here indicated, points to a Greek origin, as, for example, the observance of Easter; and the various legends seem to point out that Christianity in Britain was preached by different missionaries, from different quarters, and in different localities. One of the most interesting portions of the work is that which details the history of the various councils at which representative bishops from the old British Church attended, "although," says the *English Churchman*, "we conceive that our author is decidedly in error when he tells us that the British bishops did not attend the Council of Sardica in A. D. 347, 'but only signified their concurrence with the action of the council acquitting Athanasius.' This is not our interpretation of the term used by St. Athanasius, who, says the bishop, 'took part in the voting' (*συνεψηφίσαντο*)."

SCIENCE.

THE success of the use of nitrous oxide or laughing gas in producing temporary insensibility while teeth are extracted seems to have prompted M. Paul Best to institute experiments to ascertain whether there was not some method of administering the oxide so that it might cause anaesthesia like chloroform, without any of the dangerous effects of that substance. His experiments were successful. Equal volumes of atmospheric air and nitrous oxide were administered under a pressure of two atmospheres (29.4 pounds), and prolonged anaesthesia was effected, sufficient for important surgical operations. The heart continued to beat, the temperature remained the same, and after sensibility was restored the animal which was under the influence of the compressed gas manifested not only activity but vivacity.

LECTURING recently to a large audience, at the London Institution, on "The Elements of Psychology," Professor Huxley illustrated what he considered the distinction between subjective and objective phenomena, and asserted that the former were mental and the latter corporeal. Descartes believed that there was no connection between the body and the mind. The Cartesian idea was that there was interposed a something which was not material, and which had no power of exerting physical force; but he was utterly unable to accept this idea. Liebnitz also thought that the mind had no connection with the body, but that it had a set of phenomena which were concurrent with the material phenomena. He could understand that that might be so, but it was not possible either to prove or disprove it. The inclination of his mind was towards the view that every mental operation was connected with, if it were not the immediate consequence of, the activity of some part of the physical organization.

SURGEON-MAJOR WALLICH has for some months past been studying the mechanism of the microphone with a view to rendering it available for clinical purposes. Hitherto the microphone, when applied to the chest-wall, has conveyed to the ear of the listener an immensity of confused rumbling, proving effectually that the human body may be made to appear a very noisy machine, but without attaining the one object desired—viz., a clear differentiation of the sounds of the heart and lungs. Dr. Wallich has, reports the London *Lancet*, produced an instrument by means of which the heart-sounds are not only greatly increased in intensity, but remain quite distinct, the character of the two sounds being much intensified. By applying the microphone over the stomach one could hear the noise of water dropping into that organ from the œsophagus, and there is every reason to hope that Dr. Wallich's improved instrument may be made available for the purposes of clinical demonstration. Dr. Wallich intends shortly to test the value of his instrument in cases of heart and lung disease.

MR. J. H. POYNTING, of Owen's College, England, has for the first time made evident by a delicate balance the attraction of masses of matter for each other. Suspending a small ball, weighing one pound, from one pan of the balance by a wire about six feet long, a large sphere of lead, weighing about 340 lbs., was then alternately inserted and withdrawn below it. The difference which its attraction made in the weight of the hanging ball was found to be about 1-45 millionth of a pound;

and this was pretty satisfactorily measured by the riders on the balance-arm, the position of the arm being determined by a ray of light reflected from an attached mirror, much as in the Thompson galvanometer. The mean of eleven determinations gave for the density of the earth 5.69, with a probable error of .015. The received value is 5.56 from the determinations of Cornu, and the results, confessedly only preliminary, of the new method are certainly quite as good as could have been expected from a first trial. The most elaborate precautions are required as to currents of air and other causes of disturbance.

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5. Second Sunday after Christmas.
6. EPIPHANY.
10. Friday. Fast.
12. First Sunday after Epiphany.
17. Friday. Fast.
19. Second Sunday after Epiphany.
24. Friday. Fast.
25 Conversion of St. Paul.
26. Third Sunday after Epiphany.
31. Friday. Fast.

A NEW YEAR.

BY T. M. BROWNE.

A new year, oh, my soul!
See in the glad sunrise
The path untrodden lies
Towards the great goal.

The path lies clear and wide,
With ample room to raise
Temples of love and praise
That may abide.

And, broadcast through the land,
By roadside, and in field,
Lie stones wherewith to build,
Cut to our hand.

Deeds, waiting to be done,
Of tender charity
And sweet humility—
Each deed a stone.

Deeds waiting to be done,
A cross each day to take
Gladly for His dear sake,
Who bore His own.

Deeds waiting to be done—
Sin to be crucified,
And self to be denied
Through Him alone.

My soul, why dost thou fear?
Why trembling dost thou stand
Upon the border-land
Of this new year?

Alas! the *old* year saw
Wrong for the right I willed,
The promise unfulfilled,
The broken Law!

Saw how my idle hand
Has left the good undone,
And not a victory won
That I had planned!

Well may'st thou fear, my soul,
For all thy strength is naught,
The way with danger fraught,
And far the goal.

But in the opening day,
One stands to lift thy weight
Of sin, and guide thee straight
Along the way.

Open thine ears and hear
That sweet and awful voice
That bids even *thee* rejoice
In His new year.

Halifax, Nova Scotia, New Year, 1879.

AT A HIGH PRICE.*

Translated from the German of E. Werner, with the Author's sanction,

BY MARY STUART SMITH.

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued*).

The baron had proceeded immediately to Colonel Wilten, after leaving his sister-in-law. He had always been on friendly terms with him, and lately this intimacy had become closer and more confidential, at least on the side of the Wilten family, who zealously urged on a union between the heir of their house and the young Baroness Harder. But to-day there was a certain restraint in the reception and whole bearing of the colonel, which he made an effort, it is true, to conceal, at the same time that he spoke in a more cordial, lively style then was at all usual with him. The baron took no notice of this; he was filled with quite different thoughts, and not in the mood to attach weight to such things. He was just wishing to turn the conversation upon measures of security in the city, when Wilten anticipated him and asked with a certain haste:

"Have you gotten recent news from the capital? You were expecting, I know, an answer to your letter regarding the Winterfeld pamphlet."

The baron's brow clouded suddenly at this question, and a few seconds passed before he replied:

"They seem entirely to forget, in the capital, that I have acted in their name, as the representative of the government, and that for years they have supported my administration with all their might. You were right to warn me of the intrigues which are there afoot against me. I am just beginning to see now how hollow is the ground on which I stand. A few months ago they would not have dared to give me such an answer."

"How? You do not say they have ventured to hint to you"——

The colonel paused, not liking to complete his sentence.

"They hinted a great deal to me. Certainly in the most respectful form, and with an uncommon expenditure of phrases, but the thing itself remains the same. I believe the gentlemen of the capital would not at all object to my leaving. There are sundry personages there who find me extremely in their way, and who are ready to second any attack made against me to the utmost of their ability. But at present I am not minded to make room for them."

Colonel Wilten was silent, and looked down.

"Recent events here in the city, too, give rise to serious differences," continued Raven. "I have had a lively exchange of dispatches with the capital on that score. They will not admit for a moment that the interference of the military was a step of necessity. I have had to listen to a great deal of stuff about heavy responsibility, unbounded irritation on the part of the populace, etc., etc. I have answered simply that such matters could not be decided from a distance; that I was on the spot and knew what was needful, and would do the very same thing if those disturbances should break out anew."

In the colonel's face was again shown that restraint which had gradually vanished in the course of conversation.

"That could hardly be," he remarked. "It is true that the irritation is greater than we thought in the beginning, and I have already told you that it was considered highly desirable to avoid military interference altogether upon such occasions."

"The question is not what is desirable, but what is necessary," declared the baron with that roughness which in him always concealed great inward excitement.

"Then let us hope that the necessity will not again occur," said Wilten, "for, alas! I would be compelled—in a word, I would be obliged—to refuse your excellency my assistance."

Raven started, and directed a flashing glance upon the colonel.

"What does that mean, colonel? You know how full my powers are. I can assure you that they still exist in full force."

"I do not doubt it; but *mine* have been limited. In the future I am only to follow the instructions of my own superiors."

"You have a counter-order?" asked the baron quickly and peremptorily.

"Yes," was the somewhat hesitating reply.

"Since when?"

"Since yesterday."

"May I see the order?"

"I am afraid it is meant for myself alone."

Raven turned off and stepped to the window. When in a few moments afterwards he turned round again his face was ashy pale.

"That is to say, then, they tie my hands completely. If the revolt is renewed and the police-force inadequate, I am powerless, and the city given up at discretion."

Wilten shrugged his shoulders.

"I am a soldier, your excellency, and must obey."

"Of course, you must obey—I perceive that."

Then followed an awkward pause. The colonel seemed to desire to change the subject of conversation, but Raven anticipated him.

"If things stand so, then the consultation which I meant to have with you is superfluous," said he, with forced tranquillity. "No apologies, if you please. I understand that personally it is very painful to you; but you cannot alter it, so we might as well leave off. I would like, however, to speak with you about a private affair. You prepared me to expect your son to address a petition to me. Lieut. Wilten, to be sure, has not declared himself as yet, and indeed that was hardly possible in this time of unrest and excitement."

"Quite impossible," chimed in the colonel. "I have given Albert to understand that it would be a want of delicacy if he were to torment you about such affairs now, when so much is rushing in upon you. He yielded to my arguments, and besides he must be off to morrow morning."

"So suddenly?" asked Raven in surprise. "Where to?"

"He is going on an affair of the service to M——, and will remain there, I presume, several weeks," replied the colonel, who was visibly embarrassed beneath the baron's dark and searching glance. "I had, indeed, originally appointed another of my officers; but I cannot dispense with his services at present, and my son, as the youngest, could be most easily spared. The subject broached then can rest for the present; later, after Albert's return, it will be resumed."

A very bitter expression curled Raven's lips as he replied:

"On the contrary, I wish to set this matter at rest once and forever. My sister-in-law is not in a condition to fulfil the hopes which she held out to the young baron. She is convinced that her daughter does not feel enough affection for him to warrant her in urging this union, and neither she nor I will use any compulsion with Gabrielle."

"That *we* would never consent to," interposed Wilten eagerly. "No compulsion nor persuasion in such things. It is very hard for me indeed to give up those long-cherished hopes, and my son will be perfectly beside

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himself; but if he cannot hope that his love is returned, it is better for it to be nipped in the bud. I shall remonstrate with him seriously to that effect."

"Do so," said the baron, for neither the colonel's zeal nor his look of relief at the rejection had eluded his observation. "I am convinced that you will find an obedient son."

He turned to go. The colonel politely attended him to the door, and would have shaken hands at parting, as usual, if Raven had not declined his advance, and bowed coolly as he left the apartment. On the steps outside he turned for a moment and cast a glance behind, while he said in an undertone:

"It has come to a pretty point already! They actually seek release from connections with me! That must be peculiar news which Wilten has received."

As the governor left the house and was in the act of getting into his carriage, which stood there in waiting, he caught sight of the police director, who was just passing through the street and now approached him.

"I was just on my way to you, your excellency," said he, saluting the baron. "I expected to find you at the castle."

"I shall drive there now," answered Raven, pointing to the carriage. "May I ask you to accompany me?"

The police director accepted the invitation and both gentlemen got into the carriage, which took the road to the castle. The baron listened abstractedly to the communications of his companion. The proud man submitted with suppressed rage to this first humiliation put upon him. He had hitherto administered affairs without let or hindrance, and had had delegated to him a power such as no previous governor ever possessed; and now, when he needed this power more than ever, now, all at once, he saw himself hampered and restricted in all his plans. The support was withdrawn from him upon which he relied, and must rely, after once going to the length that he had done; he was designedly left alone in his struggle with the rebellious city. Raven knew how to interpret this symptom.

For a few minutes the police director had discoursed on various quite unimportant occurrences of the day before. But now he continued:

"I have one more communication to make, which will surprise your excellency. You still take an interest in young Dr. Brunnow, do you not?"

Raven grew attentive.

"Certainly; what is there about him?"

"Sure enough the matter does not concern him personally, but for all that touches him, alas! nearly enough. You remember that gentleman whom Counsellor Moser introduced to us last evening as a Dr. Francke; indeed you had a long interview with him yourself. Did nothing strike you as remarkable in this?"

The baron instantly drew himself up; the hint sufficed to show him that his apprehensions had not been groundless, and that Brunnow's safety was threatened. The point now was to display composure, in order to avert this danger, if it were still possible. Raven summoned together all his powers of self-control and answered with a cold, phlegmatic "no."

"Not so with myself," said the police director. "I had my own thoughts, even during that casual meeting, which grew into suspicions through some expressions innocently dropped by the counsellor, and deemed it necessary to institute inquiries. Now, since only a few strangers are in the city, there was little difficulty in ascertaining the quarters of the pretended Dr. Francke. He had arrived hardly two hours before at an inn in the suburb, had inquired after the young surgeon with the greatest anxiety and agitation, and had hurried to him without delay. His trunk, incautiously left behind at the inn, bore the mark of Z—— as that of the station which had been its point of departure; other movements of suspicion *would* assert themselves; in short, there is no longer a doubt but that we have to do with the father of the wounded man, Rudolph Brunnow."

All this was imparted in the same quiet, business-like tone as that used in his earlier communications, and Raven too tried to preserve the same tone as he replied:

"For the present that is only an assumption, whose confirmation must be waited for. You cannot proceed against the stranger upon this evidence alone."

"The confirmation we have already," said the police director. "Dr. Brunnow confessed his name at the time of his arrest."

"Of his arrest!" cried the baron. "You have had him arrested? Without notifying me of it beforehand; without even giving me a hint of it?"

The police director looked at him with well-feigned surprise.

"Indeed, your excellency, I do not understand. So much I know, that measures of the sort come exclusively within my own province. However, if I had had any idea that you would have liked to be consulted beforehand, it should most assuredly have been done."

Raven convulsively pressed the glove which he still held in his right hand.

"And I would most assuredly have dissuaded you from this arrest! Did you not think at all of the attention which it must of necessity excite? of its inevitable consequences? Just at this time, when the government is bent on nothing but reform, nothing but conciliatory steps; when all depends upon its being popular, and it goes almost painfully out of the way of any conflict; just now is not the time to reap up so unsparingly those old, half-forgotten memories of the Revolution."

The police director shrugged his shoulders.

"I have done my duty, nothing more. Dr. Brunnow was condemned to long years of confinement in a fortress, which he eluded by flight. He knew that upon his return he would fall under the ban of the law. Nevertheless he has come, and must take the consequences."

"I thought you had been long enough in office to know how often the letter of the law is sacrificed to the necessity of the moment," said Raven with increasing warmth. "Why is it that the fugitive has returned? The public voice will pronounce in most decided manner for the man who, in deadly anxiety about the life of his only son, in the hope of, may-hap, yet saving him by his surgical skill, bade defiance to any danger for himself. Brunnow will become a martyr, assured of the sympathy of all his countrymen. Believe you that such a thing is desirable for us? You acted upon a purely personal suspicion. They will owe you little thanks for it in the capital."

The heat with which these words were spoken made them appear almost insulting, but the police director replied quietly and politely:

"We must wait to learn that. I have acted according to the best of my judgment, and am only sorry that my measure finds so little applause. I was least of all prepared for dis approval on your part, for you are the very one, your excellency, who has always heretofore condemned, as weakness, any standing back on the part of the government, or any shyness of conflict, and are just now demonstrating, in the case of the city, that you only look for success from a reckless and energetic procedure."

The baron bit his lip. He felt that he had allowed himself to be hurried along too far, and asked abruptly:

"Has Dr. Brunnow then confessed to his name?"

"Yes. To be sure he was much shocked when they announced to him his arrest, but soon recovered his composure, and denied nothing. However, it would have been perfectly useless in this case. I have seen to it that his son should learn nothing of the occurrence, just at first; Counsellor Moser, at least, has promised me to keep silent. That poor counsellor! He came near falling into a swoon when he learned the actual identity of the pretended Dr. Francke. He who so anxiously avoided any contact with disloyalty is now formally dragged into such relations without any fault of his own."

"I hope, at least, that you have caused every possible respect to be paid your prisoner," said Raven, without heeding his last words. "The occasion of his return, and the fact that his son sacrificed himself for your men, give him the fullest claim to consideration at your hands."

"Without doubt," agreed the police director. "Dr. Brunnow shall have nothing to complain of. He is, for the present, in a chamber of the city prison, and I have also used the greatest forbearance in the arrangements made for guarding him. For guarded strictly he must be; otherwise there might be attempted another flight or—rescue."

Raven's eye fastened fully and darkly upon his companion's face. The slight smile of scorn playing about the lips of the latter, told the baron that his relations to the former friend of his youth were no longer a secret, and that the blow was directed, not against Brunnow, but against himself. To what end he guessed not at the moment, but the police director was not a man to act precipitately or undertake things which imposed upon him a heavy responsibility. He always knew what he was about.

"Flight! Rescue!" repeated Raven with bitterness. "It might well be too late for that."

"I hope so too, but shall not omit the needful precautions. One can never know how far the connections of these fugitives extend. Such were the communications about which I wanted to see you. Now I would no longer intrude upon your attention. We shall pass directly by my office; may I ask to be dropped there? Probably a whole flood of business is again ready to overwhelm me."

Hardly ten minutes afterward the carriage stopped before the office of the police, and its chief took leave in most obliging manner of the baron, who drove on to the castle. At last a few moments of self-communion were vouchsafed him. Since this morning blow after blow had struck him. First the minister's letter, then Col. Wilten's revelation, finally this news of Brunnow's arrest. Signs of threatening increased, and Rudolph's

prophecy was probably nearer its fulfilment than he himself supposed. The ground began to quake and give way beneath the potentate, and for the first time he looked down from his dizzy height with the thought of how deep his fall might be. But Arno Raven blanched not before such thoughts. The proud, energetic defiance in his features showed that he was not disposed to yield, by one step, to the threatening danger. If it came down upon him from all quarters, he *would not* succumb; and with this unbending will, whose power had already stood him in such good stead, he advanced, this time too, to meet the storm.

Chapter XVII.

The Unwary Man Falls into a Snare.

In the castle it looked lonely and deserted. The Baroness Harder, with her daughter, had departed for the capital; and if that lady herself, with her whims, requirements, and other amiable little peculiarities, was not missed by the servants, so much the more did they miss the young baroness, who had endeared herself to every heart. With her, sunshine had come into the house. During the few months of her residence there she had introduced light and life into the dull, dreary routine of that establishment; the baron himself having become so much milder and more accessible at this period, that often the stern ruler was no longer recognizable. Now Gabrielle was gone, her chamber locked up, and every one, from the old steward down to the lowest menial on the place, felt the void which had been left behind.

Baron von Raven alone seemed not to miss the absentees; at least, he never expressed himself to that effect, and they knew, moreover, that he had not much time now to disturb himself about family affairs. His household had been used to seeing him perpetually grave, reserved, and unmoved by outside occurrences; nor did they see him different now and still everybody knew what storm-clouds were gathering over his head. It had been a long while since this had been any secret.

The disturbances in the city had not been repeated in the course of the weeks following, and the police director, with his *posse*, had completely checked individual excesses which still cropped forth from time to time. The worst sort of the populace had been intimidated; the better had come to their recollection. The recent events had proved to every one that no progress could or would be made in this way. The burgomaster especially offered his whole influence to prevent the repetition of such scenes. It was not in vain that he had made the experience that, in the conflict which he had evoked as the baron's chief opposer, the reins had slipped from his hands, and the strife degenerated into a regular revolt through the forcible admixture of fierce and ungovernable elements. On all sides a warning had been given, and not without avail. The contest, it is true, had not been given up on this account. On the contrary, it had only grown more emphatic, although conducted in a quieter manner, and the city of R—— had the satisfaction of knowing that its voice had found an echo in the capital, yea, throughout the whole country. Winterfeld's pamphlet had indeed created an immense sensation, and far exceeded in its effect the original design; for it had taken a hold upon influential circles such as no one had expected, least of all the assessor himself.

Baron von Raven was anything else than beloved in those circles. A man like him, who, from the plainest civil relations had soared to the highest offices in the gift of the State, must, as a matter of course, have called forth the envy and ill-will of those whom he had out-run and left so far behind him; and his proud dictatorial manner, the contempt with which he everywhere thrust aside incapacity or pettiness, had not contributed to procure him greater favor in their eyes. There were only too many in those circles who considered his glittering career and the lofty station which he at present occupied as an invasion of their own privileges of rank; who could not pardon him the manner in which he held his own in presence of the most distinguished personages, and were only watching their opportunity to prepare for the hated upstart such humiliation as he deserved. Hitherto all this had glided off the baron without doing him any harm. The government had backed him with all its might, loaded him with honors and distinctions, and kept silence as to the encroachments, of which they must necessarily have been cognizant. For the post in R—— just such a representative as Raven was required, who asserted its authority with such reckless energy and rigid consistency, knowing how to hold within narrow bounds the fermenting, dangerous elements at work in the province. The indispensableness of the governor outweighed all those influences which had been brought to bear against him.

But times had changed. Even in the space of a year a revolution had set in which threatened to be fatal for the supporters of the present administration. A part of these sought to turn and follow the new current of the times; another prepared, with all outward honor, to step off the stage where the part being acted was played out for the present. All of them had friends and connections which made this possible for them—Arno Raven stood perfectly alone, and all the hatred and enmity which had ever been aroused against him, now lifted up their heads threateningly against him.

At any other time a paper like Winterfeld's would have been suppressed, and its author made to pay the penalty of its production by the loss of his position; now they seized upon this attack with avidity as a weapon against the object of a long-cherished hatred, and the young clerk who had given a pretext for its use was fairly lifted upon the shield. George's name, shortly before quite unknown and disregarded, was now in the mouth of every one; he himself was sought out, preferred, and admired on account of his courage in speaking out so boldly what indeed everybody had known. It was found that the pamphlet was written in truly brilliant style, that it betrayed an uncommon fulness of information and talents, and pre-supposed an incorruptibly clear judgment, and actually was lacking in every particular that might have made it degenerate into a libel. The governor's great qualities were duly recognized; all personality was avoided in the strictest manner; the whole accusation rested solely upon facts, but these facts were displayed with such inexorable clearness and sharpness, and put down with such scathing criticism, that an answer must perforce follow it.

For the —— province and its capital, that pamphlet had been a very "spark in the powder-cask," as the burgomaster expressed it, for no more clearly defined and appropriate expression of the universal sentiment could have been given than was found herein. That paralyzing fear and shyness felt in the awful presence of the governor was put an end to; he was seen to be assailable and vulnerable like other mortals, and now the exasperation long cherished against him broke forth in a truly unbridled manner. No one held any longer in mind what the city and province owed to their governor's mighty energy in spite of all this. Not a single voice was lifted up to remind of it; hatred against the despotic rule under which they had so long groaned had the word alone now; and, as is commonly the case in this life, those who had hitherto acknowledged themselves to be the governor's adherents, through interested motives, were the first to throw a stone at him when this could be done with impunity.

Any other man would most likely have vacated a post which it seemed hardly possible longer to maintain. Indeed it was intimated to the baron from the capital that his resignation would be accepted, but all the pride within him revolted against yielding now, when they wanted to force him to yield and take flight before all the accusations and assaults hurled against him. He knew that to go at such an instant was to proclaim a defeat. For those hints from the capital he had only this high-spirited reply, viz., that he had no intention whatever of remaining permanently, but he would first fight out the battle, overthrow his adversaries, and silence their attacks, as he had done upon his first assumption of authority in R——, when a similar storm had burst forth upon him; *then* he would go—not before! Probably the baron would have displayed less tenacity of purpose if the very first attack, the first signal for the general onslaught against him, had not come from George Winterfeld. The thought of being ruined by the man whom he hated above all men, because he stood between himself and Gabrielle, goaded Raven to distraction, and even robbed him of his faculty of judgment, usually so clear.

The result indeed was by no means decided. Firm and immovable still stood the baron upon that treacherous soil. He could appeal to the fact that all that he had done had been done openly in the face of the whole world, that it had been done with the full concurrence of the administration, which still hesitated to abandon without further ceremony the man who had so long acted in its name. The weakness and half-heartedness, so often condemned by Raven, showed itself here, too. The assault upon him had not only been allowed, but favored, and when, unexpectedly, he held his ground against it, they neither dared to leave the assaulted party to his fate, nor to protect him.

In any event, the affair so completely engrossed public attention that all else sank into the background before it. This was partly the case in regard to Dr. Brunnow's arrest, who still found himself immured in the city prison of R——, although it had not failed to excite a painful interest. It was known that the law required the seizure of the returned fugitive; but it was nevertheless esteemed hard and cruel that a father should be cast into prison when his errand was to visit his son's sick-bed. So much the harder did it seem as so many years had elapsed since his condemnation.

It was at a tolerably early hour one after-

noon when the police director himself called upon the prisoner. There was nothing at all official, however, in his manner and address; they were polite and complaisant, as though the occasion was that of an ordinary visit.

"I have come, doctor, to announce to you a visit from your son," he began. "You have had regular tidings as to his condition, and know that his convalescence is far enough advanced to allow of his going out without incurring any risk. He will be with you at twelve o'clock. I could not deny myself the gratification of bearing the news to you myself."

"You are very kind indeed," responded Brunnow with equal politeness, but somewhat sententiously and with evident reserve.

"I desired at the same time to ascertain if my directions had been fully carried out," continued the police director. "Has every possible thing been done to mitigate for you the hardships of imprisonment, or have you anything to complain of?"

"Nothing at all! On the contrary, it would be interesting for me to learn whom I have to thank for the unusual respect and forbearance shown me from the first moment of my imprisonment."

"Why, it was due, in the first place, to the peculiar occasion of your return. One must respect a father's solicitude about his son."

"Could that be the sole reason?" asked the doctor with a questioning look. "I know, from my earlier sojourn in State prisons how little regard is paid to such personal considerations. I had the opportunity of making quite different and worse experiences."

"Things have altered," the chief of police opined with nonchalance, taking no notice of the bitter tones characterizing the last remark. "A long series of years intervenes between then and now, and just these years were needed for producing a favorable reaction as regards your destiny."

"I knew what I risked by my return, and indulge in no illusions concerning my destiny," interposed Brunnow almost rudely. "You have come, I suppose, to announce to me my removal to the fortress?"

"You are mistaken, nothing has been decided upon that point as yet. Does it surprise you? It is certainly remarkable that the decision should be so long deferred, but I deem it a favorable sign. I would not excite in you any rash hopes, but nevertheless it is by no means impossible that an amnesty may be granted you in consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case."

Brunnow drew himself up with the greatest animation.

"Do you think"——

"It is of course only my private opinion," the other made haste to add. "But I believe that in a certain decisive quarter the disposition toward you is a thoroughly favorable one. It would depend, perhaps, solely upon your taking the steps requisite on your side. I am convinced that a petition for pardon would not be rejected if you could determine upon it."

"No!" said Brunnow with perfect firmness.

"Consider, doctor, it is your freedom which is involved. It depends, perhaps, upon a single word of your own."

"It is all one. I sue not for pardon. That one word would be the admission of a crime which I do not recognize; and even for the sake of my own freedom I will not sacrifice the principles of my life. Let them pardon me or not, I shall never sue for it!"

The police director inwardly cursed the "high-minded obstinacy of this old demagogue." A petition for pardon from that individual would have come in so very appropriately for the concession which it had been determined upon to make to public opinion, but, alas! it was not to be obtained. The first half of his mission having miscarried, he passed on to the second. Here, too, he carefully abstained from seeming to speak in the character of a deputy, but adhered firmly to the tone of a private conversation held without ulterior aim.

"It is your own affair, of course," he resumed; "but you thereby render it difficult for your friends to act in your behalf, and quite unusual efforts are being made in your favor."

"By whom?" asked the doctor, extremely surprised. "I have no friends possessed of the least influence in government circles."

"Better, perhaps, than you know of. Could it actually be unknown to you that the governor himself is making every effort to obtain your freedom?"

"Arno Raven—is that so?" asked Brunnow slowly.

"Yes, the Baron von Raven. He was the one, too, who laid his commands upon me to treat you with the greatest respect when I first brought him the tidings of your arrest."

Brunnow was silent. The police director, who waited in vain for an answer, continued after a short pause:

"He still seems to interest himself in you without ceasing. It is nothing but natural indeed that the fate of his former friend should not be indifferent to him."

The doctor looked up frowningly.

"Is that known here already? His excellency the governor has hardly mentioned it."

"He himself? Certainly not. You will readily comprehend how a man in the baron's position cannot openly acknowledge youthful connections which present so sharp a contrast to his own course of life."

"To his *later* course of life, you mean," and Brunnow's voice had a sharp and scornful intonation. "With his earlier course those connections were certainly more in unison."

"You do not mean to affirm that Baron von Raven knew of those efforts which caused your arraignment?" asked the police director with a smile, which was calculated to provoke, and attained its object too, for Brunnow evidently began to grow excited.

"I do not only aver that he knew them, but participated in them to the fullest extent," retorted he warmly.

"Yes, I do remember, he was suspected too at the time," remarked the other with the same incredulous smile. "But that was calumny. The baron succeeded in clearing himself perfectly of that suspicion, for he was set at liberty, and even obtained the place of secretary to the minister as an indemnity for innocently suffering incarceration."

"As the price of his treason!" burst forth the doctor, who had no suspicion that he was being systematically provoked and exasperated, and who could no longer contain himself. "It was the first round of that ladder upon which he has mounted to his present height. He purchased it with the downfall of his friends, with treason to his convictions and his honor!"

"Doctor, moderate yourself," warned the chief of police with indignant mien. "That is a frightful accusation which you are hurling against the governor. It can only be an error or an untruth."

"An untruth!" cried Brunnow in a perfect passion of rage. "I tell you that it is the truth, but of course you do not dream Baron von Raven capable of such a thing. You rather deem me a liar, a calumninator!"

"I did not mean to imply anything of the sort, but permit me to express a serious doubt as to your daring to repeat to others what you have just expressed."

"If needful I would repeat it in the face of the whole world! I would even cast it in the teeth of Raven himself, as I have already done once, when"——

Brunnow paused suddenly, brought to reflection by the far too keen suspense written upon his listener's countenance. He did not finish his sentence, but turned off ill-humoredly.

"You were about to say," suggested the police-director.

"Nothing—nothing at all!" was the crabbed answer.

"I really do not understand you. If the matter stands thus, you have not the slightest motive for sparing the governor."

"I do not spare him," said Brunnow gloomily, "but I would not become the denouncer of him whom I once called friend. If I had been willing to use these weapons against him it would have been done long ago. They would strike with a surer, more deadly aim than the attack of a Winterfeld, for they are steeped in poison; but just for that very reason it is not my way to use them."

"That is, without doubt, very nobly thought—very nobly indeed; but I still think"——

"I entreat you, let us pursue the subject no further," said the doctor interrupting the speaker. "Why reap up those long-forgotten matters? Let them stay buried!"

This sudden breaking off was not at all to the mind of the police director. He would gladly have prolonged the conversation, but saw that no further communication would be vouchsafed him. The main thing, however, was attained—he knew what he wanted to know, and therefore could the more readily resign himself to passing on to other things, and then took his leave. Brunnow looked after him uneasily.

"Did he really come only to prompt me to sue for a pardon?" said he in a low tone; "or was it on account of Raven's trial instead? I almost fear so; the intent way in which that policeman listened struck me as suspicious. I wish I had not allowed myself to be carried away into such violence against him."

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS-EVE AT BETHLEHEM.

BY THE REV. WALTER THOMPSON.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us."—St. Luke ii. 15.

These words were addressed by the shepherds to one another after that "the glory of the Lord had shone around them"; and the angel had said, "Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Then, when the angels had given their angelic message of "peace on earth, good-will to men," these shepherds came with haste to the village *khán*, and found the Babe lying in a manger.

These are the facts of the nativity of our

blessed Lord as St. Luke records them for us, and in order to impress them the more upon you, and make them to appear as real as possible, I mean to tell you about a Christmas-eve which I spent upon the same moon-lit plain of Bethlehem.

"There were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night." Naturally, our first visit was to the plain of the shepherds, and the little neglected chapel known as the "Angel of the Shepherds." It is a subterranean grotto, approached by a long flight of broken steps. It lies beneath an enclosure of olive trees, in a plain one mile distant from the city. It was our good fortune to see in this very plain, upon the Christmas-eve, the shepherds of to-day watching and piping to their flocks; and as if in confirmation of the beautiful parable of the Good Shepherd, we saw these very men carrying the tender lambs upon their shoulders, just as He, the Saviour, watches and cares for the little ones of the heavenly fold. Descending the rude staircase we found ourselves within a large grotto, lighted with innumerable lamps. Like the virgin shrine of the Marble Faun, these lamps ever recall the angelic words: "Fear not—I bring you good tidings." A Greek altar, innumerable pictures of saints with nimbi, mark the spot where simple shepherds watched their flocks. Looking to-night down the moon-lit valley, upon the scene so recently visited, the grand old hymn of the Church came to mind, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night." Custom here is unchangeable, and on this Christmas-eve we looked upon a scene similar to that enacted more than eighteen hundred years ago upon the plain of Bethlehem.

There is a well here out of which the virgin mother is said to have requested water and been refused. Upon the refusal of the villagers, the water arose and overflowed the well, and ever since that time has the well been dry. Unfortunately for the tradition (that water has ever since flown from this fountain), this was an unusually dry winter, and when we visited the well we found it empty. It matters not, the Church does not need these traditions of later growth to confirm the narrative of the Gospel. To a thinking man, these accummulated traditions of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries only weaken the evidences, instead of confirming those truths in favor of which they were alleged.

And now I want to tell you what kind of a place it was in which the Saviour was born. St. Luke tells us "there was no room for them in the inn, so they laid Him in a manger." We would imagine from the use of the word inn that the house corresponded to our modern hotels. Nothing could be further from the truth. Of course the manger of the nativity is covered by a Christian church, so I shall have to tell you of an inn or *khân* I saw near the Lake of Galilee. As they were, and are, all alike, this one will describe the one in which the infant Christ was born.

This *khân* is a good specimen of these hotels of the East. Entering by an arched doorway, some fifteen feet high, we found ourselves within a square enclosure. In the open court the cattle stand in fair weather, or are protected by a covered roof placed against one of the walls of the *khân*. The other three sides are appropriated for the uses of the traveller, and are disposed of in a manner adapted to his primitive wants. The *leewan*, or paved floor of the recess, is raised several feet above the level of the outer court. There are several such recesses in the *khân*, and at night they are frequently all occupied. In that event the unfortunate traveller must make his bed in the outer court, and pass the night in the near neighborhood of camels, mules, cows, and horses. Of course there is no furniture in the *khân*. Each person brings his own strip of carpet or matting, and such articles of food as he may deem necessary to his wants. In one of these compartments I found a straw matting, oil, and farm implements; in another, chickens and cows; in still another, two Bedouin women were baking bread for the noonday meal. They tarry at any of these *khâns* and appropriate them to their varied needs. One could not imagine a more primitive baking process than that employed by these Bedouin women. A few sticks of wood were placed upon the stone floor; upon these in turn was put a flat piece of rounded iron; and then upon this smooth surface was spread the dough already prepared. This *khân* is one of the most celebrated of Galilee, for here the Bedouins assemble on their journeys from plain to plain seeking pasturage for their cattle. There is but one story, and the whole place is open for the use of the wayfarer. The door always stands open, offering a welcome to all who desire its shelter. In the East, to build a *khân* is regarded as an act of devotion to God's service, just as with us the building of a church shows a zeal in the service of God. I have ridden miles without seeing any other building than these reception houses placed beside some fountain of pure water. In such a *khân* as this the Lord was born—born under the humblest possible circumstances. He was laid in the stable, in the manger of a village *khân*. The ox and the ass, its fitting occupants, beheld the advent of the Son of Almighty God. The *khân* was full, crowded to repletion—let this Galilean carpenter seek the shelter of the stable; let this nativity take place in the rock-hewn abode of cattle; let the Christ, the Anointed One, lie in the lowly manger. While the mind was occupied with such thoughts as these, the words of one of the Church's writers were recalled: "Here is a man, born and bred in obscurity; with no advantages of education; without rank, wealth, or associates; hated by the leading men of His time; a man who died by the hands of the law, and was buried by charity; and yet, kings and emperors are anointed in His name; the most gorgeous temples on the face of the earth are consecrated to His worship; millions upon millions believe there is eternal salvation only through Him; the history of the last eighteen centuries has taken its form from Him; and there is no name in heaven or earth that is spoken with the same reverence as the name of Jesus."

It was evident that we were entering Bethlehem upon a fête day. Long before approaching the city we heard the chimes of the Franciscan convent sounding over the Judean hills. And what do you think they were ringing upon those chimes? Carols similar to the ones you sung upon Christmas-day.

"Joy and peace," the angels sang,
Far the pleasant echoes rang.
"Peace on earth, to men good-will,"
Hark! the angels sing it still,
On this Christmas morning.

Forced to travel on Sunday in order to spend our Christmas-eve at Bethlehem, it was a pleasure to think that here we would find the observance of Sunday—an observance we had not met with since leaving Europe.

Bethlehem is emphatically the Christian city of Palestine, and the effect of Christianity and Christian teaching upon its inhabitants was easily discernible. We had long been accustomed to find dirty houses, of a single story, and a very filthy people—people without a single expression of intelligence; a people to whom food and sustenance made up the sum total of the blessings of life. In pleasing contrast to this, Bethlehem is, after Jerusalem, the most prosperous place in all Palestine. Its houses look clean, are well built, in fact there is an appearance of comfort and cleanliness which shows the elevating influences of Christianity. The Bethlehemites are orderly, neat, and more intelligent looking than any people we had seen; as for the women, Chistianity has elevated their position far above that of their Arab neighbors. We saw many of them in the Franciscan church. Neatly dressed, modest, and carrying themselves with dignity, they formed a pleasing contrast to those unfortunate creatures we had so frequently seen at the fountains and toiling in the fields. No better illustration could be found of the elevating influences of Christianity than we have seen in a ride of six hours. Hebron—older than Zoan, of Egypt—dirty, its people coarse and ill-favored; and then Bethlehem, clean, well-built, its people flocking to the church.

We stood before the Latin Church at the hour when the chimes were ringing for the vesper service. It was the afternoon of Christmas-eve, and the open space in front was crowded with men and women eagerly seeking entrance to the cave where the Lord of all was born. Turbaned men, veiled women were pushing their way towards the "chapel of the manger," while here and there might be seen some sister of charity telling the news of Christ's birth to a little company of attentive Arabs.

"The happy Christmas comes once more,
The heavenly guest is at the door;
The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
The joyous tidings—Peace, good-will."

Entering the church of St. Catherine we were astonished at the devout attention of the worshippers. Here and there might be seen a European face, but the mass of the people were Arabs, and their posture was as devout and reverential as that of their more favored brethren of the West. Before the confessional knelt many penitents awaiting their turn, feeling conscious that at this holy season the words of absolution would not be withheld; nay, rather that the voice of the priest would give the consoling words of the evangelist in addition to the formula of the Church, "Christ came to the lost sheep." From the altar, before which Arab men and women knelt in wrapt devotion, went up the words which man addresses to Him who, in taking upon Himself the form of man, "did not despise the virgin's womb."

Descending into the grotto below, we were shown in order the chapel and library of St. Jerome, and the place where Christ is said to have been born. A star marks the place, and upon its brass surface is marked in Latin text: "*Hic de Virgine Marie Jesus Christus natus est.*" Fifteen brilliant lamps surround the altar with perpetual light: of these, six belong to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins, for even in Bethlehem Christ's house is divided against itself.

"Oh, let us go with quiet mind,
The gentle Babe with shepherds find,

To gaze on Him who gladdens them,
The loveliest flower on Jesse's stem.
No human glory, might and gold,
The lovely Infant's form enfold;
The manger and the swaddlings poor
Are His whom angels' songs adore."

At midnight we again visited the subterranean chapel. The manger (a marble one) was filled with images of the infant Christ, while innumerable candles did it honor. On all sides were the prostrate pilgrims. But even here—on this holy night on which the shepherds received the angelic salutation of peace—we were not permitted to forget the unhappy divisions of the Christian Church. Turkish soldiers paced before the Altar of the Nativity.

In the church above soldiers kept the immense crowd in order, and quiet alone was preserved by their presence. At midnight the mass was begun, under the auspices of the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem. The church was all ablaze with lights and silken tapestry, while from the high altar the news of Christ's birth was proclaimed to the kneeling worshippers. A quiet peace seemed to pervade all; the church was crowded with these swarthy Arabs, but our earlier teaching was in mind—He hath knit the whole Church in one communion and fellowship; and as the patriarchal blessing resounded throughout the church, we thanked God that here, thousands of miles from our own dear land, the blessing of peace was pronounced upon us by consecrated lips. Going home (to our tents) through the moon-lit lanes of Bethlehem, we gave expression to our joy in those carols learned years before in honor of the Nativity, "Hark, the herald angels sing."

Leaving Bethlehem early on the Christmas morning, we reached Jerusalem in season to attend service at the English church. Hearing the service read in our own language, we could but realize the fact that ours is indeed a missionary Church sending out its messengers to the ends of the earth. "As at this time God sent His only begotten Son into the world to lead us in the way of life," so does our beloved Church send forth its bishops and priests into the far-off isles of the sea that that same Son may to-day be the guiding influence to lead us heavenward. Here in Jerusalem, where Christ taught, our Church is stretching out her loving hands to them who denied and crucified Him.

One feature of Bethlehem is peculiar: the terraced vineyards on the northern and western slopes, enclosed within stone walls, the watch-towers rising from place to place within the enclosure—all recall to mind that parable of the vineyard addressed by our Lord to the Jews, "Last of all He sent His Son." To-day that Son has come into the world to receive the fruit of His Father's vineyard. They kill Him that the inheritance may become theirs. As the joy-bells ring out, and as their echoes resound throughout the Judean hills; as we look about upon the same vineyards, we can but thank God for "His unspeakable gift," and also send our prayers on high, that on this natal anniversary there are those receiving Him into His vineyard, and presenting Him of the fruit thereof—the fruit of a holy consecration and devotion to His spiritual service.

Such is Bethlehem, the place of our Lord's nativity, and the one place most holy upon earth. Nestled high upon the hills, the royal city of David, the Bethlehem of the prophetical books, it becomes the one great evidence of all our faith, "a sign that cannot be hid"—"a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Emmanuel." To-day we celebrate the anniversary of that birth, and realize that through it and its consequences to man we have access to the Father.

"To-day, in Bethlehem, hear I
Sweet angel-voices singing:
All glory be to God on high,
Who peace on earth is bringing.

"Him born of Mary we adore
As Son of God most holy;
Light shines on what was dark before,
And lifteth up the lowly.

"God wills that peace should be in earth,
And holy exaltation;
Sweet Babe, I greet Thy spotless birth
And wondrous incarnation.

"To-day, in Bethlehem, hear I
Even the lowly singing:
With angel-words they pierce the sky;
All earth with joy is ringing."

MEMORIES.

BY C. L. B.

My mother, know'st thou that thy spirit mild
Hath wondrous power o'er thine absent child?
Day after day, when I am all alone,
Thy gentle influence is round me thrown.

And when the calm and holy twilight hour
Brings back the past in all its living power,
And each dear one, restored by mem'ry's art,
Plays o'er again his own accustomed part,

I think of thee in all thy well-spent life—
The faithful daughter, sister, mother, wife:
O'er all the pathway, be it dark or bright,
Thy virtues still dispense a steady light.

I love to think how roused and blest thou art,
When Nature's glories stir thy poet heart;
When any thought of goodness, beauty, truth,
Awakes the same quick ardor as in youth.

And yet, 'tis not for this I love thee best,
Though sweet it is to know that I can rest
With perfect confidence and joy in thee,
And feel that all my dreams find sympathy.

But 'tis for all the well-known traits that come
Before me when I think of sweet, sweet home;
The love that hallowed toil and lightened care,
And made thy children ne'er so blest as there.

The constant mind that still its course pursued
To reach the ends its judgment marked as good;
That knew and prized this rule for deeds sublime,
"A pure intention, and the care of time."*

The acquired self-command, and chastened will,
That calm endured the necessary ill—
The sympathy that made thy face to glow
At others' joy, to sadden at their woe.

These Christian graces all perennial flowed,
The secret source hard by the throne of God;
The piety thine, that strikes so deep its roots
'Tis noticed only by its blessed fruits.

Like the sweet fountain springing in the shade
Of some deep, leafy, distant forest glade—
Flows it at all? The traveller might doubt,
Save for the flowers blooming all about.

Mother, this lesson may I learn of thee,
That the true religion blesses quietly:
Oh, may I heed the counsel thou hast given—
The path of *duty* is the way to heaven.

* Jeremy Taylor.

THE SECOND SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

Good Thoughts for the New Year.

There is not always a second Sunday after Christmas. It can only be when Christmas falls in the latter part of the week. Otherwise the feast of the Epiphany will fall upon or precede the first Sunday in the year, which will then count as the first after the Epiphany. The collect, epistle, and gospel will, according to the rubric, always be those for the Circumcision.

The first of the texts appropriate to this Sunday is found in Ecclesiastes xii. 1: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."

The Book of Ecclesiastes is thought to be addressed to Rehoboam, the Crown Prince of Israel, and to be intended to warn him of the errors of his father. If this be the case, the "young man" apostrophized in the last verses of the previous chapter, and now in the present verse, is Rehoboam, the last king of the united tribes. To Solomon the evil days had come, and the years in which he was forced to say, I have no pleasure in them. The words "thy Creator" are literally "He who created thee." It is remarkable that the name of Jehovah hardly occurs in this book, as if in his consciousness of his sins of idolatry Solomon feared to utter the name of Him whom he had offended. For Rehoboam there is a chance that he may lead a wiser and better life, and his father exhorts him to begin early. In the original the plural is used, and is held by Bishop Wordsworth to be a reminiscence of Genesis i. 26, "Let Us make man in Our image," an intimation of the doctrine of the Trinity. "Evil days," in the Old Testament use of the term, are as the Vulgate translates it, "days of affliction," not necessarily days of wickedness, but days when the light and joy of life are gone. Thus Jacob says: "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my life" (Gen. xlvii. 9).

The second text is found in Proverbs iii. 5, 6: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." The Book of the Proverbs of Solomon is ascribed to the earlier and better portion of his reign before his foreign wives had led him into idolatry. The name of the Lord occurs nine times in the present chapter. "With all thine heart" means not only with all thine affections, but with the conscience also, as appears by the second clause—"lean not unto thine own understanding," which means, Turn not away from the Divine counsel, or trust to thine own unaided wisdom. If Rehoboam had kept this in mind the great separation might not have come in his day. The sixth verse adds: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." God will accept no divided service. This is the counterpart to the Lord's teaching: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness." The mistake of modern religion lies in considering itself a part of man's duty, and not the whole spring and source of all duty.

The third text is found in Proverbs x. 1: "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." This chapter begins the second part, or, as it has been called, the second volume of the Book of Proverbs. There are five divisions of this book. Whatever may be the opinion in regard to the Book of Ecclesiastes, there seems to be no doubt that Proverbs was addressed to Rehoboam, and intended for his benefit. This view gives much greater force to the present passage. The whole fate of the kingdom might be hanging on the wisdom or folly of the heir to the throne.

The wisdom here spoken of is the same

which is intended throughout the book. It is the heavenly wisdom. It is to be regretted that the careless habits of thought of the English mind should have let slip the distinction between wisdom and knowledge. They are as the hand and the tool—the tool may aid the hand, but the hand can do without the tool. The wise son is not only one who has knowledge, but who can make the right use of it.

It is not certain that the parallelism here means anything more than the contrast of the wise and foolish son in his effect upon his parents' feelings. But there is a truth implied in the antithesis of father and mother. The wisdom of the son makes the father glad. The mother rejoices in her son. She has no need of extraordinary gifts or goodness to make her glad in him. Very often it takes a long and great success to reach the slower appreciation of a father and to rouse his pride. So, on the other hand, the foolishness of the son must be moral folly and wickedness to be the heaviness of the mother. She will not mourn over mere weakness of mind, but the other sort of folly will touch her most deeply.

The fourth text is found in the same chapter at the twenty-second verse, "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and He addeth no sorrow with it." Riches which come without the blessing of the Lord bring, in one shape or another, sorrow with them. Solomon had doubtless seen that in many instances, and the thought is one which finds a frequent place amid his teachings. There is, too, a high and evangelic sense in which the blessing of the Lord maketh rich, that is the true riches, the treasure laid up in heaven, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal."

The fifth and last text is from the New Testament, II. Peter iii. 18: "But grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. To Him be glory both now and for ever." "Grow" or increase in grace is the meaning here. Grace is the gift of God's favor, and growth in it means that by reception of it willingly, and by a wise use of it, one becomes fitted to receive more grace. The same is true of the knowledge of Christ. He who does the will shall know of the doctrine. It is knowledge which comes by practical following. The word Saviour is used by St. Luke, by St. John only once, and that is by the Samaritans of Sychar. It is not used by the other evangelists. It occurs frequently in St. Paul. Hence there is a strong presumption that it is a word of Gentile use. The doxology which follows is a true ascription of Divinity to Christ.

The word Saviour implies that, but lest there should be any question, it is made sure by the next sentence. It was one which no Jew could possible write without believing in the Lord's Divinity, for it is the same form which he would use for Jehovah. "Glory now and ever" (the best MSS. add "Amen" here)—is something to be ascribed to God only. It is to be noted that the word "knowledge," which is here used by St Peter, is the same (gnosis) which was used of the heretical philosophies. It is this which gave its name to the gnostics. St. Peter therefore makes the contrast implied here, Grow in the true gnosis, which is that of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ—not in the vain gnosis of the false teachers. He had just before been speaking of such who had used the writings of St. Paul to pervert the truth, and this makes the more emphatic the present sentence.

IN MEMORIAM—REV. E. M. P. WELLS, D.D.

Died December 1st, 1878.

BY F. ELIZABETH GRAY.

We cannot weep for thee—
Friend of the friendless, helper of the poor,
Who with thy sympathy
Would show thy love, if thou couldst do no more.

The burdens thou hast borne
To aid thy sorrowing friend and brother
When weary, sad, forlorn,
He knows who said, "Bear ye" for "one another."

Thou didst not wait for men
To seek thee, when with guilt and woe they wept;
Thou sought'st out them, and then
Watched over them with love which never slept.

The orphans' faithful friend,
More than a father, thou hast been to those:
Thou wouldst the oppressed defend,
And shield them from their strong and cruel foes.

We lay thy form to rest
Beneath the shade of Auburn's fading leaves,
Thou canst say now, so blest
Before thy God, "Master! behold my sheaves."

Boston, Advent, 1878.

*SHORT SAYINGS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.**

The judgment of the Church of Rome, that the Blessed Virgin was born of an immaculate conception, is contrary *to the testimony* of the Church universal before that judgment, that all the descendants of Adam are conceived and born in sin, Jesus Christ only excepted, by reason of His miraculous conception, out of the ordinary course of nature, by the Holy Ghost.

The judgment of the Church of Rome, that the Bishop of Rome, commonly called the Pope, has the supremacy over every other bishop, and the judgment that infallibility is an attribute of his office, are both contrary *to the testimony* of the Church universal before those claims were made.

In like manner, all the doctrines by which the Communion of Rome has separated itself from the unity of the Church are to be rejected, not merely because we think that the Scriptures are contrary to them, but because *the testimony* of the Church before those doctrines were invented shows that our interpretation of the Scriptures in this respect is correct.

In matters of order or discipline, it is not necessary that the requirements of the Church should be such as are contained in the Scriptures.

If these requirements do not contradict the Scriptures, they furnish a rule to the conscience.

The Church is a human society of Divine institution.

It is called in the Scriptures the Kingdom of God.

It has a right to govern itself by those rulers, and under those laws, which Christ has instituted for it.

Its members owe obedience to its rules.

This obedience should be a conscientious obedience as to an authority which God has constituted.

Those companies of men which we call states or kingdoms are also human societies of Divine institution.

* From the Rev. Dr. Seabury's Manual for Choristers.

CULTIVATING FLOWERS FOR EASTER.

BY A. E. P.

It may seem untimely to speak of Easter flowers, with the Christmas decorations so fresh in our churches and homes. My suggestions, to be of any service, must be offered now, however.

In our Northern parishes, where Easter finds us still in the embraces of winter, it is a serious matter how to decorate our altars for this festival. In the country parishes it is necessary to call on city florists—an expensive and uncertain method; or depend on loans of plants from members of the parish. The coldness of the season makes people reluctant to expose their choice specimens, and with good reason.

I propose that all members of parishes set aside one or more plants as a direct offering to our Lord on Easter-day; that they care for them with this end in view. I am sure we shall all feel that the festival is more ours if some of the fruits of our labor beautify the house of our Father.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

A DOUBLE CHRISTMAS; OR, OTHER FOLK.

BY FLORA L. SHAW,

Author of "Castle Blair."

Little Rollo Compton was sitting one Christmas-eve curled up in the deep window of the hall. It was late in the afternoon, and the hall had not yet been lighted up. The firelight blazed warm and ruddy upon the objects nearest to it—three little girls playing with dolls upon the hearthrug, a big Christmas-tree half decorated and standing amid a heaped-up profusion of new toys; it cast a warm lake of light half way across the polished floor, and then died away in flickering gleams and shadows, reflected with sudden sparkle from the shield or corslet of some armored knight, or swallowed altogether in the deep gloom of distant corners.

Outside the ground was covered with snow, the trees stretched black arms across the wintry sky, and a little group of beggar children stood shivering on the terrace entranced, notwithstanding the cold, by the paradise of toys within.

Rollo, tired out with play, was gazing idly into the park. He saw the three little ragged children, but they were nothing to him, only dark spots on the whiteness of the snow—just about as important as the dead oak-leaves which floated down occasionally from the branches of a tree behind.

The little ragged children saw him too—the firelight falling on his long, fair hair, and on his velvet clothes, on the bunch of mistletoe that hung above his head, and on the little white poodle which sat up begging on the window-seat beside him, made of him and his surroundings a picture clear and bright in its every detail.

"Don't he look lovely, Jim?" said the little girl.

"Don't he look warm and full?" replied the boy, with a somewhat grim tightening of the belt which held up his nether garments.

That was enough; they were not children of many words; and next time it was the little one who broke the silence.

"What's all they toys for?" he asked.

"For Christmas. Folks always gives children toys on Christmas; and to-morrow'll be Christmas-day, you know."

"Is there any Christmas for us, too?" asked Tommie, who was accustomed to see things and be told there were none for him.

"Oh, no!" answered Susie. "There's Christmas-day, of course; but there isn't not to say any Christmas rightly; that's only for the rich folk."

"What is Christmas? What do they give the children toys for?" pursued little Tommie.

"Well, Christmas," began Susie, "why it's Christmas."

"You hold your tongue, Susie. You haven't been to Sunday-school." said Jim, "so you don't know nothing about it. I'll tell you, Tommie." He told him in three or four sentences the story of Christ's life, and death, winding up with, "And so He died there on the cross."

"For the rich folk, I s'pose?" said Tommie, his eyes still fixed upon the toys.

"In course," said Jim sarcastically. "Leastways, that's how they mostly seem to take it. My eye, Susie! snow in the air do make you feel empty." He drummed as he spoke on the place where his supper should have been, and began to whistle a popular street melody.

His doing so attracted towards them the attention of a footman who had come to close up the hall shutters; and the next moment they were told to move on, for no tramps were wanted about the house.

Rollo's poodle rushed out and barked at them too, snapping at Tommie's legs in a way that made the child quite willing to leave the toys behind. And soon they were trudging down the avenue.

But snow was beginning to fall. Underfoot it was already deep; and as they went on the air grew every moment thicker with cold white flakes. Tommie stumbled so often, and complained so bitterly of the cold, that Jim and Susie took it turn about to carry him, a proceeding which made it none the easier for them to get along.

Their home lay four or five miles off, and they were beginning to feel almost tired out, when they heard behind them a feeble squeak, and then the panting as of some animal exhausted in the snow.

They turned to see what it was, and, to their no small consternation and surprise, they found that they had been followed by Rollo's little white poodle. They scarcely knew what to do at first, for the poor animal was evidently incapable of shifting for itself. People who are cold and tired feel easily for the cold and tired, so they hoisted him up in their arms and carried him with them as they went.

His weight did not lighten the way, but they reached their home at last—a little single-roomed cottage, standing alone near a stream, just outside a little pine wood.

There was apparently no one to expect them; it was empty, dark, and silent. They were at first so numb with cold that they could think of nothing but getting warm; but when Susie had lit the fire, and their bodies and brains began to thaw, they all, the dog included, began to think of supper. The dog was the first to mention it. As soon as ever his hair had fluffed out into its usual state of woolly whiteness he seemed to consider that he was dressed, and that the next proceeding must necessarily be dinner. He sat up, therefore, on his hind legs, first before one child and then before another, looking so polite, and at the same time so persuasive, that at last Susie could not help remarking the gentle supplication of his eye.

"Now to see him," she said, "wouldn't any one think he was asking for something?"

"So he is," said Jim; "I guess the snow's made him feel empty too. Is there any supper, Susie?"

"Don't you feel," said Susie, "as if you could get to sleep if we was to go to bed now, and cover ourselves up nice and warm?"

"I 'se so hungry!" said Tommie, beginning to cry.

"What's in the cupboard?" asked Jim. "Anything?"

"Yes; there's a little bit of bread, and there's six of the specked potatoes left. But I thought if we could get to sleep to-night it'd be better, 'cos if father doesn't come there'll be nothing to-morrow; an' it's so bad like to be all day without a bit."

Jim said no more, and took refuge, as usual, in whistling; but the hungry look in his eyes prevailed over Susie's prudence.

"After all," she said, "hunger's much of a muchness one day or another." And she got up and went to the cupboard.

There she found, to her joy, what she had actually forgotten that they possessed—a good pinch of tea done up in a twist of paper. Water was to be had, not for the drawing, but for the melting. In two minutes more a shovelful of snow was in the kettle, and the children prepared to enjoy themselves.

Ah! how good was the prospect of something hot to drink! The more thoroughly to get the benefit of it, they sat round the fire while the kettle boiled, each one squatting, mug in hand, upon his heels in happy anticipation. They cut the bit of bread into three portions, and placed it on a plate in the centre, so that they might not be tempted to begin before the tea was ready; and from each portion, small as it was, a bit was broken and put into a separate saucer to be soaked for the poodle. He, for his part, seemed perfectly to understand the preparations, and without a sign of undignified eagerness sat patiently upon end, his countenance expressing the gravest sympathy.

At last the happy moment came, the tea was made and poured out, hot and brown. Jim's teeth had already met in his share of the crust. Tommie, with an expression of perfect happiness on his little pinched face, was smiling over his, when a tremendous gust of wind shook the house.

"Father!" exclaimed Susie, springing up as the door rattled on its hinges, and going across to open it.

It was only the wind. When she unlatched the door, and looked out, there was nothing but darkness and the fast-driving snow. But as she listened she fancied she heard a cry coming up from the wood.

"What a night it is!" she said. "Still, maybe father will come home; and I'll tell you what I'll do, Jim. I'll run down with the lantern and set it there by the side of the bridge. When a man's been drinking he do so easy take a wrong step to the left or the right."

She would not wait to take her tea, but hastened to prepare the lantern and to start.

The poodle had pricked up his ears, and now, leaving his place by the fire, he ran to the door. There he listened a moment, and then, glancing round at Susie to see if she were coming, he darted out into the snow. Susie was not long in following him; but as she hurried towards the bridge she heard no sound save the clattering of the wind-tossed branches overhead. The night was pitchy dark, and without a lantern she could with difficulty have made her way. As it was she quickly reached the bridge, planted her lantern carefully between some stones at the farther end, and was preparing to hurry home through the darkness when her steps were arrested by a clear and sudden cry.

This time there could be no mistake. Without a moment's hesitation she caught up the lantern and ran in the direction from which it came. The continuous yapping bark of the poodle guided her. She did not stop to ask herself what scene of horror she might be about to witness; but ran so quickly that she very nearly fell over the cause of her excitement. When she pulled herself up and raised the lantern to see what it might be, she perceived to her astonishment, no robber nor other terrible apparition, but a little boy on his knees upon the snow caressing with vehemence the excited poodle. The child's long fair hair fell snowladen upon his shoulders, his brown velvet suit was smirched and stained with melting flakes; he himself was white and blue with cold, but Susie recognized him at once.

"My patience," she exclaimed, "if it isn't the dog's little gentleman!"

Rollo, for it was he, indeed, rose up with his little dog in his arms.

"I came to look for him," he said. "And could you please tell me the way home? I'm very cold."

He had wished to conceal his feelings and to speak with proper dignity, but, notwithstanding the pleasant excitement of finding his dog, the poor little fellow was evidently so cold and so exhausted that his teeth were chattering and the words would hardly come.

As for Susie, when she saw him in such a plight, pity completely overwhelmed her respect. He was no longer in her eyes the rich little gentleman to be admired and wondered at from a distance, but just a poor little, tired, cold, wandering child, who wanted warming and drying and protecting.

"Dear, dear, you poor little thing! Just you come along home with me," were all the words she found to say; and, taking him by the hand, without any more delay she set off running towards the cottage.

Jim was holding the door open, looking out for her, and his surprise at the sight of her companion may well be imagined. But he was as kind and pitiful as she. Between them they wrung the melted snow from Rollo's hair; dried his clothes as best they could; and, pulling off his silk stockings and little soaked shoes, chafed with warm hands his feet and legs. Then Susie added boiling water to her mug of tea that Jim had put back in the pot, and having toasted her share of bread to make it seem less dry, presented both to Rollo.

He did not know it was her own supper, and he was very hungry, so he readily ate up every bit, and after that he began to feel much revived. He explained to the children how it was that he had missed Carlo, and had rushed out to look for him, without telling any one. He had not followed him all this way, but had lost himself in the snow, and was hopelessly straying backwards and forwards, when Carlo had reversed the order of things by suddenly finding him.

The children related, in return, how they

had become possessed of the poodle, and over the story of their various adventures they were all soon capital friends.

But in the meantime the storm without raged higher and higher. It became evident that Rollo could not possibly return that night to Compton. The effect of the exposure and cold was to make every one exceedingly sleepy; so Susie and Tommie and Jim made room for him upon the flock mattress they called a bed; and between these dirty little waifs and strays Rollo slept as soundly as ever he had slept in his life.

But when he so quietly accepted the necessity for spending the night at the cottage he had forgotten that the next day was to be Christmas-day; and strangely different was the sensation of waking at the cottage from the joyous excitement of opening his eyes at Compton on Christmas morning.

Cold roused the whole living mattressful long before daylight. Rollo felt quite stiff; and his hands and feet were so benumbed he thought they never would be warm again; but he was wedged in on one side by Tommie's knee in his back, and on the other by Jim's foot in his stomach, and he did not like to move for fear of waking them.

Presently Susie sat up.

"I don't hear him, Jim," she whispered, and Rollo thought at first she was speaking of him; but she seemed to be listening, and, rising softly from the mattress, she went across the room. "No!" then came out loud in a disappointed voice; "he's not here, and there'll be nothing to eat all day!"

Rollo sat up, seeing that the others were awake, and at the same moment it flashed through his mind that it was Christmas-day.

"A merry Christmas to you!" he said, having always been taught it was the right thing to say on Christmas morning.

"On specked potatoes!" said Jim, standing up and stretching his cramped limbs.

"I'se so cold!" whined Tommie.

Carlo woke with a snap; and thus the whole household was astir.

But, being astir, the only thing the household had to do was to go to bed again. There were no blinds to draw up nor shutters to open, no fires to light nor breakfast to prepare. Nor had the children even to dress themselves, seeing that, for the sake of warmth, they had never undressed. Added to this, it was pitch dark and bitterly cold.

"As father's not here, we can get on his bed," said Jim; "it'll be warmer than the floor." So all they did was to migrate from the mattress to the bed, and then huddle up again with two coverlets instead of one stretched over them. The coverlets were so thin they scarcely deserved the name, and with all their pressing the children could not keep really warm. Still, there they remained, waiting patiently for daylight.

The hours were like ages to Rollo. He felt sick and empty, and his own warm bed at home, with its soft pillows and heaped-up blankets, seemed already a thing too far off to have ever belonged to him. He did not utter a word of complaint, for he had his own ideas of the duty of a gentleman; but, unused as he was to discomfort, he felt soon so supremely wretched that he could not even look forward to the daylight which was to set him free.

It was as well that he did not. Dim dawn appeared at last, and in the faintly-lighted cottage the scanty furniture began to assume dark, hazy shapes; but, though the children waited a long time, the light grew no stronger.

At last Jim got up and went to the window. No sooner was he there than he exclaimed:

"By Jove! I believe it's broad daylight away outside. We're snowed up, and the window's choked."

He tried to open the door, but a quantity of snow falling immediately forward warned him to shut it.

"Look up the chimney, Jim," said Susie, who had Tommie asleep in her arms.

"ONE EACH ALL ROUND."

Jim looked up, and was able to make out through the chimney opening that it was, as he had imagined, broad daylight.

It was too true, they were snowed up; and, with food or without, they must now wait till some one came to let them out. Jim and Susie seemed to think little of it. Their father often left them, they said, for two or three days at a time, and when it was bad weather they mostly stayed in bed; but to Rollo the prospect of staying on there indefinitely was very trying. He was already so exceedingly hungry that he could think of nothing else; and yet, though they knew that it was day, no one seemed even to think of breakfast. He recollected Susie's first dismal words in the morning, but he could not believe that they were true, and hoped against hope that something would soon be set before them. As time passed on, however, he began to fear that her sad statement was literally exact, and then at last he gave up hoping, and could only lie with sick, buzzing head, while the home coffee and toast and eggs rose up before his mind in a vision most temptingly distracting. He could not get his thoughts away from them; and yet somehow, when he looked at little Tommie asleep and at Susie's pale, pinched face beside him, he felt in his heart ashamed. When he did get back to his own warm bed, to his daily coffee and toast and eggs, would not these still remain cold and hungry? Had they not always been cold and hungry without his caring a bit?

The world seemed sadder to him than it had ever seemed before, and here in this little cottage he found himself wondering, for the first time in his life, what was his right to be so happy while millions of other children were unhappy.

As the day began, so it went on. The other children also lay still, in a sort of stupor of cold and hunger, and had not even the energy to laugh at Carlo when again and again he stopped his perambulations round the floor to sit up and gaze at them, with expostulation in his every hair.

The only interruption was about midday, when Susie roused herself and gathered together sticks enough to make a tiny fire. At its blaze she made hot the potatoes they possessed, and, though two were bad, there remained one each all round.

Even this little refreshment, combined with the pleasant warmth, was enough to raise for a while the children's spirits.

They chatted with Rollo, and asked him questions about his home. He told them about the things he thought most interesting; and, though he felt all the time as though he were talking about some dreamland which had never really existed, his description of Christmas at Compton was so fascinating to them that they quite forgot to notice the exact moment at which the fire went out. Rollo wondered how they could bear to hear about it.

"I think I should hate rich people if I were you," he said.

"So I do, mostly," replied Jim; "'specially when I'm empty an' I see 'em glutting and stuffing, and spreading out their tails."

It was a frankness with which, under the circumstances, Rollo could not be offended. His ideas had undergone to-day a very considerable shaking up.

At last evening came. The children, all more or less drowsy, had taken refuge again upon the bed, and, having given up hope for this day, had settled down beneath the coverlet.

But their deliverance was nearer at hand than they supposed. Presently Carlo began to stir. Rollo bade him be quiet, but he would not obey. He sprang off the bed and barked. Then came a sound of tapping on the window-pane. The light of a lantern flashed upon the glass. The children, with a simultaneous cry of "Father!" jumped off the bed. A man's voice shouted to know if there were any one inside; and before two minutes

were over the window opened to admit not only a man, but what the children evidently considered the most important part of father—a basket.

"There," he said, "get me some supper sharp, for I'm downright beat, and I have to be out again."

He did not see Rollo; but as Susie hastily opened the basket he took out a loaf and some cheese, and cutting off a portion, began to eat.

"There's pretty trouble up at Compton," he continued. "The little master's lost, and they think most like he's buried in the snow. Anyway, there's a small fortune for him that finds him; an' I've been looking, along with others, ever since last night. Even his dead body! But no! there's no such luck for me."

He heaved a deep sigh as though fate were really unkind in not having laid Rollo's dead body at his feet; and at the same time the living Rollo bounced out of the corner, shouting at the top of his voice:

"It was Susie found me! it was Susie found me! And she'll have it all for herself."

The surprise of Susie's father was only to be equalled by his satisfaction; but Rollo would listen to nothing he had to say. He asked how much the reward was; and when he heard a hundred pounds, he literally danced for joy.

Before many hours had passed they were all four safe at Compton Anxiety, cold, and hunger were mutually forgotten; troubles were as though they had not been; and Rollo's first petition was that Jim, and Tommie, and Susie might stay with him till they had seen for once a real jolly Christmas. The fact that Christmas-day was past did not signify at all.

The Christmas-tree had not been touched; even the very puddings had not been boiled. Every one agreed that they were not to be cheated thus out of their fun, and they kept on the 26th of December such a Christmas as neither Jim, nor Tommie, nor Susie were ever likely to forget.

Susie had the pleasure of sitting herself in the window where she had first seen Rollo. Tommie had his share of toys from the very Christmas-tree he had thought so marvellous on Christmas-eve. Jim, for once at least in his life, was as warm and full as any one would desire to be.

But if they never forgot the Christmas they spent with Rollo, neither did he forget the Christmas-day he had spent with them. And the best effect of the double festival was a friendship formed between Jim and Rollo which lasted through many years, and helped them both to understand that, after all, "other folks" are very much like ourselves.

ON CHRISTMAS-DAY IN THE MORNING.

BY JOHN LATEY.

Two little maidens, Nelly and Sue,
With the aid of their dear sister Prue,
Sang a carol one Christmas morning;
And this is the song those girls did sing
While "all the bells on earth did ring
On Christmas-day in the morning":
This is the ever-sacred morn
When Christ in Bethlehem was born,
Then let us in glad homage raise
Our hearts and voices in His praise.
Poor is our best attempt, we know,
But He doth judge the heart, and so—
If we but strive to do aright,
And be well-pleasing in His sight—
Our song may be as sweet to Him
As that of quiring cherubim.
With Christ for pattern, let us pray
For all mankind on this blest day—
For Christian people, and as well
For all who on this earth do dwell;
For His sweet grace is unconfined,
And wooing as the soft south wind;
More bounteous than the summer rain,
Fa t-ripening flower and fruit and grain;
More largely liberal than the sun,
That sheds its beams on every one.
Nor, while we pray for others, let
Us our poor feeble selves forget,
But beg of God's all-loving care
A larger, deeper, tenderer share.

No costly gifts or odors sweet,
Have we to lay at Jesus' feet;
Only the simple offering
Of children's humble praise we bring.
What, though we are not great or wise,
A loving heart He most doth prize;
So as we grow in years may we
More tender and more gracious be,
And thus make daily life divine
As worship at a sacred shrine;
Each household duty's least event
Made holy as a sacrament.
Oh let us ever children be
In innocent simplicity;
Though steadfast in our purpose, still
In all things bending to His will;
With prompt obedience acquiescing
In chastisement as well as blessing.

Thus ever striving for the good,
And taking it as daily food,
Ourselves with Christian grace adorning,
We may His praise the better sing,
While "all the bells on earth do ring
On Christmas-day in the morning."

A LITTLE boy was much puzzled about sins being blotted out, and said, "I cannot think what becomes of all the sins God forgives, mother."

"Why, Charlie, can you tell me where are all the figures you wrote on your slate yesterday."

"I washed them all out, mother."

"And where are they then?"

"Why, they are nowhere; they are gone."

Just so it is with the believer's sins; they are gone—blotted out—"remembered no more."

THE CORNER CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY HUGH CROLY.

Christmas is coming, heigho! heigho!
Christmas is coming, heigho! heigho!

So sang the Creighton children, at the top of their naturally strong voices, to the tune of "Campbells are Coming." There is something most Christmasy and inspiring

in the air and scene; the twilight of December 21st is just falling, and the crimson glow of the fire fills even the dark corners of the room, where, with chairs turned upside-down, the children are playing "cars." Outside the snow is falling softly, with a gentle click against the window-panes. All day the children have heard sounds of egg-beating and spices being ground, and have smelt the mingled, unmistakable odor of mince-pies, which, with mysterious whispers and delicious bundles, altogether has brought their spirits to a wild pitch. Louder grows the din, and presently a door opens, and an old colored woman comes in, raising a warning finger.

"You hush, chil'n!" she cries; "you'll make your ma's head ache, and wake the new baby!"

"Ho! ho!" shouts a handsome red-cheeked boy, with close dark curls, who seems the ringleader of the fun; "you needn't tell me, mammy, that the new baby has been three months in *this* house, and can't sleep through a racket yet!"

"If he can't," saucily added Master Rex, "go tell him to suck his toes!"

This sally from Rex brought a fresh outburst from the other children, while mammy went out grumbling, but hiding a smile at the boy's wit. Again the door opens; this time mamma herself enters, with gentle face and step.

"Children," she says softly. Instantly the noise subsides, and the children gather around her. "Come," she says, "you have made noise enough this evening. I want you to quiet down before papa comes home. I am going to take you all into the parlor."

The children gladly followed her, leaving a fearful disorder behind for faithful mammy to set to rights. Mrs. Creighton took a chair by the open fire in the parlor, and, as the little ones clustered round her, she said:

"You are all so full of Christmas joy, children, now I want you to tell me what Christmas means?"

"Mince pies!" shouted Hal.

The children laughed, then mamma said:

"But I want you to tell me what the day means; what happened on Christmas-day?"

"It's God's birfday," lisped Maudie.

"It's the day our Saviour was born," said Rex, reverently.

"Yes, it is the birthday of our Lord and Saviour, an l I want you all to remember this when you are having a good time." Mamma thought a minute, looking very grave, then she continued: "Yes, my darlings, I want you to enjoy yourselves Christmas, and to remember all the day means, and who first had gifts brought to Him, to celebrate that first Christmas-day of the world. And now let me tell you what I heard to-day as I was going by the 'Corner children's' house."

At the mention of "Corner children" the little Creightons looked very much interested, and drew closer around their mother.

I must pause to tell you who the "Corner children" were. The Creightons lived in a handsome house in the middle of the square; but just around the corner, as you so often see in our Southern cities, there was a poor, mean little house, where a mother lived with a family of children. She was very poor, and her nice, rosy little children, with their bare feet and thin clothing, often passed by the Creightons, and were objects of great interest to our children. For a long time the little Creightons did not know their name, but spoke of them as the "Corner children," so that the name became quite a by-word in the house, and now they never used any other.

"Well, mamma, hurry and tell us about the 'Corner children!'" cried Rex, with his usual impatience, drawing his bench nearer, and wedging his curly head under her arm, a fashion he had.

Mamma laid her hand on the curls, and smiled in the eager, upturned face. "Well, dears," she said, "I was passing there this morning, and I saw the two little girls sitting on the steps, and I heard the youngest say, 'It's going to be Christmas, Kitty; don't you wish *we* were going to have some?' 'Don't I?' said Mary, sadly; 'but 'taint for us poor children. My! I wish you could see all the fine things and the goodies that's gone to the Creightons, where all them children live round the square!'"

"Did they say that?" the children cried.

"Yes," continued mamma, "and I was thinking it such a pity we can't do something for them; but of course we must have our Christmas good things!" and she looked away into the fire.

"Mamma," Rex said, softly.

"Yes, darling."

"Can't we give them some of ours?"

"Some of mine, or some of yours?" mama asked.

"Ours," Rex said.

"Could you spare any of your pretty things, and good things, to make them happy, children?" mamma asked.

The children looked grave, and visions of candies and toys floated through their heads, and somehow, it was hard to speak. Just here mammy brought in baby, and this created a little diversion, but when they were settled again, Rex said, getting quite red in the face: "Mamma, I don't *know;* but I believe you were going to give me a big, handsome drum like cousin Tom's?"

"Yes," she said, "I was."

"Well, mamma, you haven't bought it yet, have you?"

"No."

"Then," said Rex boldly, "I'll tell you what—don't get me a drum; get me a popgun, or something that don't cost so much, and take the rest of the money to buy things for the 'Corner children.'"

A pleased flush came on mamma's cheek, and she asked: "Are you sure, Rexie, you wont be sorry not to have the drum?"

Rex's eyes got big, as if tears were not far from them, but he said eagerly: "Mamma, I *might* be sorry about the drum when I see Tom's; but I *do* want to help the poor 'Corner children.'"

"Yes, dear," mamma said, very tenderly.

Presently Loulie, the practical, spoke up: "Mamma, if you were to make our candy-bags half the usual size we could give what's saved, in candies, to the children."

"A good idea, little daughter!"

"Dive my new d'ess," lisped Maudie, holding out the hem of her blue frock.

Hal winked his eyes vigorously a minute. "Mamma," he said, "I'm like 'Peter Gray,' I love my little stomach, but take, oh take, the mince-pies! I'll give half mine!"

The children screamed with laughter as Hal executed a queer caper on the hearth-rug, and then sat down, spreading his hands on his stomach, and looking like one undergoing the pangs of hunger. Mamma knew her boy well enough to see that his antics were only a cover to conceal the real feelings of his heart.

"Well!" she said cheerily, "we will get up quite a box for our poor children! Why, there is papa, and we never heard him come in!"

"Hurrah papa! 'Christmas is coming, heigho, heigho!'" sang they in chorus.

"Whew! whew! whew! what a noise! Is Bedlam let loose?" papa cried merrily, distributing kisses and smiles around the group. The *new baby* spread out its arms and crowed, then coming in for its share of kisses buried its hands in papa's beard, and tugged away manfully. "Mercy, mamma, little Ruthven is as bad as the others!" he said, making a wry face.

After dinner was over and "the children's hour" came, they told their father of their plan for giving the "Corner children" a good Christmas. He thought it very nice and said:

"Look here, young ones! I came very near buying one of those 'Santa Clauses' you all wanted so much to-day—you remember the old man all covered with snow?"

"Oh yes, yes, papa, get it, do get it!" cried they.

"I'll tell you, children," he said, "it will cost me three dollars; now I'll give you your choice—Santa Claus, or the money to help with your box?"

"Money! money! money!" vociferated the children, dancing round their father like mad.

"Let's have it now!" shouted Rex. "Come, out with the money, papa!"

"Mercy, you little Jews!" he said, laughing, but producing from his pocket two paper dollars and two silver halves. The children took the money and ran off to the nursery to tell mammy of their plans; she listened patiently, as she always did to even their wildest vagaries, and when they had finished, and Rex and Hal gave her an ecstatic hug apiece, she said:

"Honey, I'se gwine to do my share too! I'll give ten of dem ears of pop-corn what Mas'r Reginald done give me for de winter."

"The beautiful pop-corn Uncle Reg gave you!—oh, mammy you're just the one to do good things!" Hal cried.

"Fetch it now, mammy!" Rex said, with a business-like air.

Mammy got the pop-corn, and added to it a necklace of red berries, brought from "Mas'r Reginald's place down in de country." The next day or two little was heard about anything but the "Corner children's Christmas-box," and there was great running to and fro, and purchasing of bundles, chosing of boxes, and selecting of candies. Rex stipulated that all the candies should come from the old Frenchman's, and should be distributed equally among them. After some difficulty, and much help from mamma, Loulie made the pink and blue and yellow tarletan bags to hold the candy; and mamma herself dressed two beautiful dolls, making their frocks out of pieces of Maudie's "new d'ess." Cook was nearly worried out of her life by requests for "loads of cake, and plenty of mince-pies," and was utterly discomfited by the many raids the children made into the kitchen; for usually they were not permitted such invasions; but the "Corner children's Christmas" rang all through the house like a sort of war cry, and seemed an excuse for any deed in those days before Christmas.

"Su'ah, dem chil'n done gone wild!" Mammy frequently remarked, and she wasn't far wrong; but it was such generous, bright, heartsome, wildness that no one had the heart really to complain. The twenty-fourth came, and,

all being ready, mamma decided that it would be better to take the box for a Christmas-eve gift, as there never would be time next morning for it, with the children's own tree, and all the home doings. An earlier dinner was ordered, that they might get through and take the box before the children's bed-time, but I must confess that very little was eaten by the excited children, who thought it somewhat unreasonable that papa and mamma should be at all hungry. When they started out, papa, mamma, and the whole troop of children, with mammy and another servant bringing up the rear, heavily laden, it was well it was dusk, or the grave city people might have thought that some family had been taken with a crazy desire to emigrate on Christmas-eve! There was a light snow on the ground, and the stars above shone clear, while the street lamps winked out cheerily, as if to do their best. Such a noisy ring of voices and laughter as rang out on the crisp air! Rex, papa, and Hal made the most splendid jokes you ever heard, and it is a pity none were remembered for our benefit, and the walk was all too short for the merry crew, when, with a shout, the news was proclaimed: "Here we are, at the Corner children's!" The noise of voices and feet, unusual in the quiet street, brought some one to the door of the humble house—a surprised figure, just visible in the dim light of a wood-fire, while near the hearth crouched "Mrs. Corner-children," as Rex called her, trying to sew by the light of the miserable fire. "Hurrah! Merry Christmas! Christmas is coming! Merry Christmas!" shouted the children, piling in the small room, like figures in a pantomime, before the occupants' surprised eyes, and bringing in a waft of crisp air and a smell of "goodies" with them. Mamma had intended to have made a quiet little explanatory speech; but with complete disregard of all order, here were Rex, Hal, Loulie, and mammy huddled around the fire, opening baskets, pulling out bundles, and rattling away merrily with pell-mell haste. Pretty soon the small room resounded with squeaking horns, cracking whips, and crying dolls, while little eyes grew big and cheeks crimson over such unwonted, such unheard-of delights; and in all the delightful din there sat the mother, with tears of joy running down her cheeks, while mammy patted her back patronizingly, saying, "Sho'! honey, jus' you let dem have dey way; dey's havin' a good time, bof my chil'n and yourn!" Mr. and Mrs. Creighton tried to restore some kind of order out of this delicious confusion, but gave up laughing, and were fain to join in the fun themselves; squeaking animals, popping "jumping-jacks," and cracking whips with the "young fry," and enjoying it all hugely. After a while they called their children together, as it was growing late, and bade good-by, leaving the "Corner children" in a state of mysterious, confused delight, from which they never recovered, about the wonderful invasion that took them by storm that memorable Christmas-eve. The homeward walk of our children did not deserve so dignified a name, but was more like the performance of a *circus*, enlivened by the ringing shouts of

"Christmas is coming, heigho, heigho!
Christmas is coming, heigho, heigho!"

It was many an hour that Christmas-eve, at the Creighton's, before

"Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse,"

but the Christmas-day that followed was certainly the gayest, the brightest that our children had ever known; all their own joy being enhanced by the delicious thought of the "Corner children's" Christmas and their glad hearts. And now, to quote St. Nicholas, children dear,

"A merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night!"

AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY GRATIA.

A winter's night; a pale, fair moon
Smiles queen-like in a frosty sky;
Far off on distant azure heights
Star cressets quiver tenderly.

The air is full of kindly tones,
Of clang of bells, of sweet accord,
As chanted carols, shrill and soft,
Once more the yule-tide tale record.

Now hearts grow warm that erst were cold,
Now pity moves the sometime stern;
Now desert-hearths break forth in smiles,
Now home the wanderers return.

Soft peace broods calm o'er dale and down,
Strange joyance—a Divine delight—
Hist! Hush your brawls and clamors, Earth!
The angels are abroad to-night!

Almost we hear the sound of feet
Descending on a starry stair;
Almost we feel the rush of wings
Above, around us in the air.

And grandly comes the joyous song
Resounding still a-down the years,
Sweet as when on Judæan plains
It smote the wakeful shepherds' ears.

Mayhap to-night our dear ones lost
Unseen draw near us in our homes,
To shed a soft'ning influence there,
To waken kindlier looks and tones.

We know, for sure, that earth and heav'n
To-night seem each to each more near;
Men dwell among diviner things,
And breath a calmer atmosphere.

O pure Child-presence! cradled once
Upon this dark and sin-stained earth;
We take Thee in our hearts this night,
And bless Thee for Thy wondrous birth;

And ask Thee: Stay and keep us pure,
And urge us on to nobler aims;
Wrapping about us evermore
That peace the angels' song proclaims.

THE CHURCHMAN COT.

Contributions to "The Churchman Cot" at St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, for the week ending Monday, December 30th, 1878:

Tommy and Bertie Glover, saved by not buying candy for one month, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	$2.50
Frank Carlton Howard and Sheldon Leavitt Howard, "a Christmas offering in memory of little Mabel," Taunton, Mass.,	50
E., 50c.; I., 50c.; widow's mite, $1, "Christmas off ring in memory of our dear papa," New Castle, Del.,	2.00
In loving memory of our dear May, from her little brothers and sisters, Brooklyn, N. Y.,	3.00
In memory of dear George, from mother, Brushton, N. Y.,	1.50
Mabel's own earnings, for a Christmas offering, Flushing, L. I.,	50
Infant class of Grace church Sunday-school, Randolph, Vt.,	2.00
Rosalie, for little sister, Norfolk, Va.,	1.40
Helen J. Brown, "in memory of my precious mother's second Christmas in paradise," $1; A. D. F., "in memoriam," $1, Annapolis, Md.,	2.00
Lloyd's Christmas-offering, third contribution, 50c.; little Mabel's self-denial, 10c., Baltimore, Md.,	60
Mary E. Stephens, Pamrapo, N. J.,	1.00
Found in the purse of a dear child now in paradise, West Meriden, Conn.,	70
Geraldine May Stringer, Buffalo, N.Y.,	1.00
We children of song, Kankakee, Ill.,	1.00
In memory of little Harry, Southport, Pa.,	50
Fanny Foster, Chicago, Ill.,	1.00
Grandmamma, for little Clara, Hillsdale, Mich.,	50
"Mite," Chicago, Ill.,	50
Arthur C, 50c.; Gracie J., 25c.; Oscar G., 15c.; Harry L. Plowman, 10c., with a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, Idaho City, Idaho,	1.00
Receipts for the week,	23.20
Total receipts,	**$2,899.47**

THE "ST. NICHOLAS."

The St. Nicholas Hotel, New York, has enjoyed a continued success and prosperity, and to day no hotel is better known in the country than this. When you go to the St. Nicholas you will be sure to receive prompt and courteous attention from all connected with the house, and your visit will surely be one of pleasure.

URIAH WELCH, Proprietor.

"CHOCOLAT DEVINCK."

Lovers of chocolate are referred to the advertisement in another column of the celebrated "Chocolat Devinck," used in the principal hotels of this city, and for sale by the leading Confectioners and Grocers.

J. J. CAUCHOIS, Agent.
Wholesale Depot, 62 Pine street.

SCROLL SAWING.

The headquarters in this city for material for Scroll Sawing and for first-class Tool Chests is at the old-established stand of

JAMES T. PRATT & Co.,
53 Fulton street.

No less than six Memorial Brasses—two for Chicago Cathedral (to Bishops Chase and Whitehouse), three for Cornell University, and one for a church in Cleveland—were recently on exhibition at 13 Bible House, this city, all of which were executed from designs of

COX & SONS, London.

AN APPEAL FOR AID.

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE CLERGY AND LAITY: Our church building in this parish is located in a dark and unfrequented part of the town, and a great part of the year almost inaccessible. Even the title to the ground is doubtful. We purpose buying a lot centrally located for church and rectory, and moving our church edifice to the same, thereby giving the Church an equal footing with the other religious bodies of the town. The future growth and prosperity of the parish depends wholly upon this one thing. Our membership is small, and composed almost entirely of poor people. After a diligent canvass we only lack $300. Will some of our churches, or individual members, whom God has blessed with a competence, kindly come to our help and rescue? All amounts will be very thankfully received by the rector and acknowledged through the columns of THE CHURCHMAN. "Whosoever giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

BENJAMIN F. MATRAU, Rector.
Calvary Parish, Louisiana, Mo., December 4th, 1878.

APPEAL.

A SMALL BELL WANTED.

The rector at Salem, N. Y., has an interesting mission among the Welsh, at a quarry, three miles from town. An unoccupied Welsh chapel has been placed at his disposal, but there is a difficulty in assembling the neighborhood promptly at odd hours. Is there not an unused bell of 250 to 300 pounds in some parish that could do duty here?

YELLOW FEVER SUFFERERS.

The editor of THE CHURCHMAN has the pleasure of acknowledging the following contributions for the sufferers by yellow fever, in addition to those already acknowledged. He has forwarded these to the proper persons for distribution:

FOR NEW ORLEANS.

C. A. Ogden, Warrensburgh N. Y.,	$1.00
Collection by a communicant of Christ church, Elizabeth City, N. C., for the Orphan's Home,	20.00
From the colored people of Elizabeth City, N. C. for the colored sufferers in New Orleans..	2 25

FOR MEMPHIS.

Emmanuel church, Arnprior, Ont	10.80
" " Cherry Valley, N. Y.	10.00
For Mrs. C. C. Parsons	2.50
St. Peter's church, Ashtabula, O., for family of the late Rev. C. C Parsons	8.00

FOR GENERAL DISTRIBUTION.

St. Matthew's Cathedral, Dallas, Tex., offering Thanksgiving day, 1878, for Charles C Parsons's Memorial Scholarship Fund..	10.50
St. Andrew's church, Elyria, O.	5.22
"For the love of Christ and in His name, for the orphans of one of the clergymen who was a victim to the yellow fever."	1.00

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the papers, American and foreign, regarding Luther's will. A commission recently appointed has declared in favor of the authenticity of this document, which is in the possession of the Hungarian Evangelical Church. It is satisfactory to hear that the document will be exhibited at the museum of Pesth, so that palaeographers will have an opportunity of examining the hitherto suspected relic.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Notes and Queries* says: A well-known historical instance of the length of a generation is in the case of James II., of England, born in October, 1633, whose grandson, Henry, Cardinal of York, died in June, 1807. The three generations lasted, therefore, for 173 years and eight months. Still more remarkable is the fact that the Cardinal of York's aunt by half blood, Queen Mary II., died in December, 1694, that is to say, 112½ years before her nephew. With regard to the number of generations in a century, it will be remarked that these frequently vary in the different branches of the same family. Thus, the male representative of the senior branch of the family with which I am connected, who is about the same age as myself, is the *eighth*, and I am the *sixth*, in descent from our common ancestor. That ancestor died about 220 years ago, so that in the one case there were not quite four generations in the century, and in the other not quite three.

A WRITER says: As one who has studied the topography of Jerusalem on the spot, and who has in some measure mastered the topographical literature of the holy city, I wish to call the attention of your readers to what I am persuaded is an etymological error in the descriptions of its antiquities. Josephus makes special mention of a gate in the first or old wall, which he calls the "Gate Gennath" (Bell. Jud, v. 4, 2). This has always been interpreted to mean "garden gate," as if named from some garden or gardens which have for the nonce been assumed as existing near it. It seems to me that there could have been no gardens in front of the old wall, which overhung the valley of the "Tyropaeon," which was all built over with houses and shops. Besides, the name would have been "Genath," not "Gennath," had it referred to the Hebrew word "garden." Believing, as I have long done, that the "Tyropaeon" of Josephus is the Gi-Ben-Hinnom of Scripture and of the rabbis—*i. e.*, the valley of the Son of Hinnom—the etymology of the word "Gennath" is easily found. It is the New Testament "Geenna" (Matt. v. 22, etc., *γέεννα*). And as Geenna was the contraction for Gi-Hinnom—the valley of Hinnom—so the Geenna gate, or, according to Josephus, the Gennath gate, is the valley gate mentioned by Nehemiah (iii. 13, etc.)—the old gate in the old wall leading down to the old valley of Hinnom. I cannot enter into topographical details; but, admitting what has been so long lost sight of and is only now beginning to be acknowledged, that the valley of Hinnom and the Tyropaeon are identical, it will be easily seen how a *valley* gate, and not a *garden* gate, fits into the description given both by Scripture and Josephus. How Hinnom got the name of Tyropaeon from Josephus, and how also it got its name of Maktesh from the later prophets (Zeph. i. 11), are questions which would require answers of some length. I may say that this communication was suggested by the reading of Lieut. Conder's intensely interesting and important volumes, in which he adopts without questioning the usual interpretation of "Gennath" (vol. i., p. 369).

THOSE who are fond of proving the truths of religion by the sayings of great worldlings will find excellent material in the Diary of Prince Bismarck, just published. The following surpasses anything Napoleon ever uttered:

"I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in a future life. If I were not a Christian, I should not remain at my post for a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, and am sufficiently genteel and distinguished without the chancellor's office. Why should I go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfil these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles to me have no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combating all manner of absurdities for ten years past is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of religion, you would not have lived to see the sort of chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans. I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to king and country, it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of their sires. For my part I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God, and I return to Varzin to devote myself industriously to the production of rye and oats."

OFFERINGS FOR MEXICO.

Contributions in behalf of the work of the Church in Mexico are earnestly solicited, and may be forwarded to the treasurer of the league aiding that work, Miss M. A. STEWART BROWN, care of Brown Bros. & Co., 59 Wall St., New York.

BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.—Vitalized Phosphates composed of the nerve-giving principles of the ox brain and wheat germ. Dr. J. J. Tucker, of Chicago, says: "I use it in all diseases of Debility and Nervous Prostration, and find it a most valuable remedy, pleasant, unirritating, efficacious." For sale by Druggists. F. CROSBY, 666 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

A FAVORITE COUGH REMEDY.—For Colds, Sore Throat, Asthma, Catarrh, and other diseases of the bronchial tubes, no more useful article can be found than the well-known "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" 25c. a box.

Special Notices.

The "St. Nicholas" is a first-class hotel in all its appointments. Its rooms, single and en-suite, are large and well ventilated. Elevator connects directly with the ladies' entrance. Table and attendance throughout acknowledged as surpassed by none in the world.

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility relieved by taking **Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic**, the only preparation of beef containing its *entire nutritious properties*. It is not a mere stimulant like the extracts of beef, but contains bloodmaking, force-generating, and life-sustaining properties; is invaluable in all enfeebled conditions, particularly resulting from pulmonary complaints. CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

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Paid Death and Endowment Claims in 1877	$3,306,724 00
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Increased its Assets in 1877	1,326,996 77
Has surplus over all Liabilities of	3,603,702 15
Has Policies in force	66,252
Expense ratio for 1877	7.14

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CASH CAPITAL	$3,000,000 00
Reserve for Reinsurance	1,836,432 31
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Net Surplus (1st January, 1878)	1,016,743 02
TOTAL ASSETS	$6,109,526 75

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The whole system is based upon the sound PROTESTANT CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES as the only solid basis for the right formation of character.

FRENCH is the language spoken in the College, and a *French service is held in the Chapel every Sunday afternoon.*

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For "Circulars" and full particulars, address the Rev. JAS. J. HILL, M.A., Resident Principal, or MISS CLINTON, Lady Principal, Hellmuth Ladies' College.

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